SHALL WE HAVE A WORLD LANGUAGE? By H. G. Wells

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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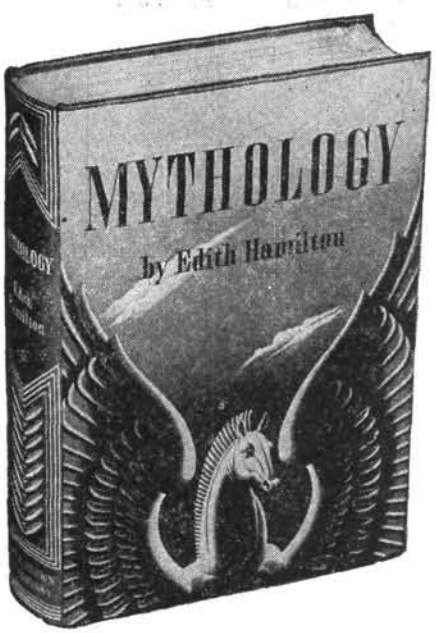

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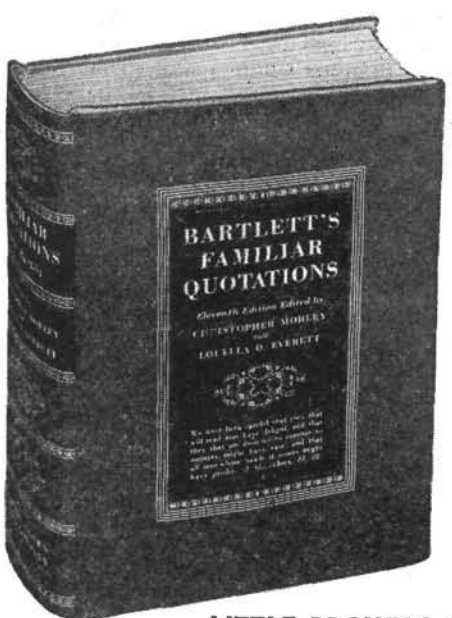

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Shall We Have A World Language?

Reflections on A Short Cut to Global Unity

H. G. WELLS

SOME recently reported remarks made at a British Association meeting have produced an inundation of typed and mimeographed letters about Esperanto, Ido, and a whole series of well-meaning experiments in language-making. The amiable idea inspiring all the experiments is to find a short cut to human unity. A number of facts and considerations go to show that this apparent short cut to unity is really a blind alley, and that a practical solution of this very urgent problem of world understanding is to be found in quite a different direction.

Contemporary science is gradually clearing up the history of speech, how the human being first talked, how he talked in his primitive days, how little he talked, and why he talked. We know within a few thousand years when it was that organized languages appeared in the world and were written down and Grammar descended upon mankind. Man, up to the beginnings of agriculture, used gestures for communication and drawings for record as much as or more than articulate speech. The simple association of bow-wow with dog or hiss with snake is fairly obvious, but that is not articulate speech.

Speech, indeed, is so specialized and localized that it seems highly probable that the universal means of communication in the future may involve a very scanty use of the spoken and written word. In the past it was extremely difficult to make and multiply and distribute pictures. All that has been changed in a century. Instantaneous photography, color photography, microphotography, and air transport make the most rapid and complete distribution not only of facts, but, with a skillful use of diagrams and suchlike symbols, of ideas, from end to end of the earth, possible. There is scarcely a fact spoken language can express which cannot be conveyed a thousand times as rapidly and completely through the eye. When we hear talk of re-educating the whole world for unity, the speaker must either have this new visual education in mind or he must be an impracticable wishful thinker or altogether insincere.

—*Georges Schreiber*

H. G. Wells: "You must have a script that is universally readable."

The obdurate inadaptability of articulate speech to changes in sound or accent militates still more powerfully against the idea that the world may be de-Babelized. And there is also a perpetual shifting of the *meaning* of words. Consider such a word as "alibi." The other day I had a grossly insulting letter (anonymous, of course) declaring that my contempt for a "classical" training had led me to use "alibi" as an equivalent for "excuse," whereas it has no such meaning. The poor gentleman was scandalously ignorant of his Dickens and his Dictionary. Sam Weller gave a new twist to "alibi," and from the great Oxford English Dictionary my correspondent will learn that in the English language now, not only is this meaning for "alibi" as an "evasion" accepted, but that there is a verb, "to alibi," with various derivatives, carrying exactly the sense I gave it.

That is one instance of verbal depravity, a legal term that took the wrong turning. Directly one passes to more fundamental ideas, one finds in languages everywhere an endless array of false assumptions and the decaying metaphysics of a dead past. A number of scientific workers have developed a science of "semantics" or "significs" in a desperate attempt to cut this dead wood out of speech. I am not sufficiently versed in these studies to know the essential workers in this field or their order of importance, but the general reader will find an admirable debunking of language in "The Tyranny of Words," by Stuart Chase (1938). Every language man has ever used is an ever-changing torrent with nothing whatever to keep it clear and clean. "Time, like an ever flowing stream, bears all its sons away," but language has no ability to rid itself of its illegitimate and corrupt offspring.

This is true of the vocabulary of any language. The difficulty about the actual sounds of a language is equally insurmountable.

THE professional philologist neglects George Bernard Shaw, and he is the one man best worth listening to in this matter. Would that he had stuck to philology. He took to other courses in early life, with most of which I disagree, and I have bickered with him ever since we became aware of one another; yet also I admire and like him very much. He has an exquisite ear for sound, and he has told us clearly and exactly what are the necessary preliminaries before you can dream of a world language. Until you take these preliminary steps, a world language remains a dream.

Manifestly, before you can think of a common language for the world, you must have a script that is universally readable. There are thirty-nine sounds requiring separate unambiguous letters. The vowel sounds are harder to fix than the consonants, but the range of variation can be reduced to the amount of difference between the

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The following news item is from the wires of the United Press, and was dated from London, July 24, 1943.

A COMMITTEE representing the Ministries of Education of Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Greece, The Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Yugoslavia, and the Fighting French today recommended the establishment of English or French as a world language after the war—with a slight leaning in favor of English.

The committee was organized on the initiative of The Netherland Minister of Education, Gerritt Boljestein. After studying the need for a world language to facilitate post-war world collaboration, it suggested:

1. That English or French be compulsory subjects in higher forms of elementary schools of the European allies.

2. That the teaching of English be strengthened as far as possible in all schools in view of the important part it will play in international intercourse.

3. That all publications intended for international reading be published either in English or French, or be accompanied by English or French summaries.

4. That only English or French be used at international meetings.

vowel sounds of a Cockney and those of a Yorkshireman. With these thirty-nine letters and a few accents and indications of intonation, it would be possible to write down anything in any language, so that anyone totally ignorant of that language could nevertheless read it aloud and be understood by anyone using that language. But the letters for this universal alphabet must be freshly designed so as to be unambiguous. Such letter shapes as C O P, which in Russian would be read as S A R, must be suppressed altogether. Given such an alphabet, Ido or Volapuk become bare possibilities. Until you have it, they are impracticable dreams.

Nevertheless, when our utmost has been done with pictures and diagrams to convey fact and relationship, there still remain certain matters for which language must be used. There are the Universal Rights of Man and treaties generally. It is hard, for instance, to think of any pictorial method of prohibiting tyranny by the taking of hostages. Ogden, with his Orthological Institute, and his associates, have been experimenting therefore with the translation of the Universal Rights of Man into Basic English. ("Basic" English, Russian, or Italian is the minimum vocabulary necessary to talk understandably in any of these tongues.) The statement of the Rights has been simplified and universalized and written down in a great number of key languages, languages, that is to say, in which numerous books, pamphlets, and newspapers are printed, and into which textbooks and so forth are translated. Coupled with micro-photography, "Basic" seems far more suitable for spreading ideas over the whole earth.

Gesture came long before the use of speech in the history of the human mind. Manifestly articulate speech was never adopted by man for the unrestrained broadcasting of what he had in his mind. Gestures, grunts, howls, and so forth conveyed one's feelings and intentions to everybody within sight and hearing, but spoken speech was a very convenient way of coming to an understanding with one's intimates while leaving the stranger present unaware of what was brewing. Most of us have passed through a phase in our adolescence when we invented languages. They were always *secret* languages, cants, back slang, "owhay oday ouyay" devices, designed to defeat the uninitiated listener and put authority at a disadvantage. The demand for a universal overriding speech is an innovation upon linguistic practice. Speech is used to conceal our thoughts much more frequently than it is used to express them. We go on using words at times, just as friendly savages hold up their hands, to show there is nothing in them.

So it is quite possible that the happy and united world which may be ahead of us will never have a universal speech, and any one of us revisiting the earth in a century or so many find a world of complete toleration and understanding with as many, if not more, spoken languages than there are now.

The various "Basics" may expand and pick up words from one another, and they seem likely to converge upon a sort of universal uninflected world "pigeon" speech with a vaster vocabulary of words in common than any languages have ever had hitherto. "Pigeon" will enable a traveller to get about, order accommodation, take a ticket and so forth, and remain as flat and unsuitable for poetic, intimate, and delicate expression as pigeon English is in China today.

No one will ever want to make love or describe a sonnet in a pigeon language. There is no Esperanto anthology. The first thing two lovers set about is the invention of new names for one another and a little language of their own. Every set and clique of friendship and conspiracy in the world devises its own slang and dialect, its nicknames and specialized interpretations. Nothing in the great times ahead is likely to abolish that.

IT is hard to conceive of any form of poetic expression either in prose or verse that is either everlasting or translatable. Nor, in spite of the magnificence achieved by such a polyglot as Milton, can I believe that really lovely writing is achievable by anyone who is not saturated to an exclusive pitch by thinking, talking, and wringing the utmost expression out of his or her native tongue. William Shakespeare had little Latin and less Greek, and down the record of English literature to our own time the most clear, poetic, and delightful English has come from monoglots with a natural gift for verbal melody.

The Lord Chamberlain's company of actors and play makers at the Globe Theatre, whose work is published under the name of "Shakespeare," knew everybody in town, laughed at most people, flattered when necessary, and had, I am convinced, not the slightest idea that all their chuckling fun, the shot-silk of the new-born Elizabethan language garment they made up for their shows, and their verbal serendipity would become the material for that solemn association, "Shakespeare and the Bible," and be handed out, castrated and annotated, for the affliction and perplexity of the immature.

Generation after generation of the English have undergone scholastic inoculation against the careless indelicacy of these Globe Theatre dramas. A wholesome tradition of gay derision has been replaced by a cultural cant. Ordinary English people dread Shakespeare as something far, far above them, something repulsive and improving. They lose a lot by that.

Most of that Globe Theatre accumulation seems to me to be shot not only with an unsurpassable starry beauty but with fun of the most wholesome grossness.

One gets flashes of the same quality in much English fiction, through a long

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succession which includes Sterne, that subtle artist, Dickens in his moments of honest happiness, down to such contemporaries as, for example, Christopher Morley. Jane Austen is one of my dearest aunts, Rebecca West when she is mocking and happy, another. My delight is the happiness one gets from talk in a gay and witty family which plays with words and associations. No literature is permanent, because no language is permanent; all literature is journalism and will pass away in this changing world. Language will change, ideas will change, there are no immortal works, and I count all "classics" dead and bores. We impose them on the innocent, who are too ashamed to confess how little they enjoy them. Even Chaucer, with all his route of pilgrims, is dead now, an affair for study and paraphrase, and epic and lyric poetry mere raw material for rebelliously disrespectful allusions from such lively spirits as have been subjected to them.

I am straying towards a critical disquisition that will take me, if I pursue it, far away from that Auxiliary Language. Possibly because I dislike and despise the idea and am glad of any excuse to get away from it. So I submit, melud the Public, I submit, melud, my case against this Auxiliary Language idea. What can be said for it, I cannot imagine. Perhaps some one will Esperant?

Change What for Which?

The Periodical Clamor for Constitutional Revision

LINDSAY ROGERS

THE suggestion that I review the most recent clarion call for a speedy and drastic revision of the Constitution of the United States* reminds me of my age. It also makes me reflect on how humdrum, repetitive, and uninfluential most writing on governmental organization and reorganization has been. For nearly a third of a century I have been reading it and participating in it. Has it been other than futile?

In the March 4, 1922 issue of *The Literary Review* of *The New York Evening Post* (predecessor of the *SRL*), I ventured some remarks on a volume by Mr. William MacDonald entitled "A New Constitution for a New America" which Mr. Hehmeyer dutifully includes in a rather sketchy list of previous clarion calls. Mr. MacDonald thought that to avoid disaster we must have a new framework of government. He wanted the abolition of the Electoral College, the choice by popular vote of a President whose duties would be largely ceremonial, and responsible cabinet government on the British model. Constitutional amendments should extend the scope of federal authority over education, marriage and divorce, internal improvements, and economic relations. Otherwise calamity impended.

Since Mr. MacDonald's book, the constitutional pasture has rarely lain fallow. Regularly hands have been put to the ploughshares. Last year Mr. Henry Hazlitt of *The New York Times* demanded "A New Constitution Now." A few weeks since, Mr. Roland Young's "This Is Congress" reported the results of an able inquest on congressional inefficiency and exacerbated relations with the executive.

I SUGGEST that not much can or should be done by way of constitutional amendment. Change has come in respect of the powers of Congress. The Supreme Court laggardly and after a violent controversy over "packing" (with President Roosevelt losing the battle but winning the war) has extended congressional authority over economic life to the extent that Mr. MacDonald desired. One justice changed his mind and the Constitution was just as effectively amended as if a new article had been added. Minimum wage legislation became constitutional and, as Thomas Reed Powell wittily remarked, "A switch in time saved nine." Now that elevator operators in New York City's loft buildings are engaged in interstate commerce, it is not likely that 1935 interpretations will be returned to and a judicial veto applied to legislation that the Court does not like.

But successive calls for changes of structure or relationships remain unheeded. During the last quarter of a century only one adjustment has been made: we no longer have a lame duck session of Congress and the inauguration of the President takes place in the January instead of the March following the election. The mountain labored long before it produced this mouse. The stubborn fact is that the public remains indifferent to the desirability of different governmental adjustments until its opinion is outraged or until something breaks down. In Great Britain, until 1909, the House of Lords fought and ran away and always lived to fight another day. But, when it rejected Lloyd George's budget, opinion was outraged, and the Asquith cabinet was able to pass the Parliament Act of 1911 which took away the power of the House of Lords over finance bills and limited it to a suspensive veto on non-financial legislation. When in 1917 a Senate filibuster prevented the passage of the Armed Ship Bill—when, in President Wilson's phrase, "a little group of wilful men, representing no opinion but their own, have rendered the great Government of the United States helpless and contemptible"—the outcry was so great that the Senate amended its rules. There will have to be some similar incident—perhaps it will come when one more than one third of the Senate attempts to determine the foreign policy of the United States—before it will seem to the country that the "Time for Change" has arrived.

Unlike some of the earlier prophets of doom Mr. Hehmeyer does not want only a limited number of amendments. He demands a constitutional convention which would leave the entire instrument "open to complete revision." Certainly the Constitution of the United States has a greater age than Jefferson thought proper. "God forbid," he declared, with reference to the uprisings instigated by Daniel Shays, "that we should ever be twenty years without such a rebellion . . . The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." Or, as a contemporary put it, the sage of Monticello thought that a constitution should live about as long as a horse.

Mr. Hehmeyer realizes that even if Congress invited the state legislatures to call for a constitutional convention the required thirty-two of them would not respond. They and he would fear the opening of Pandora's box and would hesitate to provide a field day for crackpots. If, perchance a constitutional convention did pro

*TIME FOR CHANGE: A Proposal for a Second Constitutional Convention. By Alexander Hehmeyer. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 210 pp. $2.

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duce a revised framework of government, the country would be divided by a bitter debate at a time when unity should be sought for. Moreover, as the experience of New York State in 1915 disclosed, a draft of a new instrument of government, admittedly better as a whole than the instrument it is intended to supplant, is almost certain to fail to receive popular approval. Too many groups, each dissatisfied with only one provision, will vote against the whole and prevent ratification. Hence Mr. Hehmeyer proposes an informal convention. He asks that Congress by concurrent resolution create a group which would report back to Congress. Its recommendations, if approved by the two-thirds congressional vote necessary for constitutional amendments, would then be submitted to the state legislatures for ratification.

For membership in the informal convention Mr. Hehmeyer proposes one delegate from each state chosen by the governor or the legislature; sixteen delegates from the Senate and the House representing both political parties; sixteen Presidential delegates representing labor, agriculture, industry, and the federal executive departments, and sixteen delegates appointed by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In this latter group there would be the most "outstanding leaders in constitutional law and thinking." And Mr. Hehmeyer makes three nominations; Noel T. Dowling of Columbia University, Thomas Reed Powell of Harvard University, and Edward S. Corwin of Princeton University. As constitutional lawyers these gentlemen are unquestionably eminent. Incidentally, they are all good friends of mine. I suspect, however, that, if they had exclusive responsibility for proposing constitutional amendments, they would give point to a remark on economists which has been attributed to Lord Keynes. "Lock three of them up in a room," he said, "and ask them to agree on something. They will emerge with four separate opinions."

Mr. Hehmeyer is clear in his own mind on what he wants to see done. He does not propose imitating the British, but he would extend the term of the House to four years and elect half of the representatives every two years. He would have a "policy and supervisory cabinet" of eight members with departments and independent agencies regrouped under them. Congress should set up a Joint Legislative Council to give it leadership in performing its legislative tasks. Control over foreign affairs should be in the hands of the President acting with the approval of a majority of Congress. Greater use should be made of regional authorities; ex-Presidents should sit in the Senate; the Vice Presidency should be abolished; in the event of the death of a President, his successor should be elected as quickly as possible, and the amending process should be made easier.

Save in detail, all of this has been proposed time and time again. Much of it does not require a constitutional amendment. If all of it were done we would discover once more that the laws reach but a little way and that writing new language into the last will and testament of the Founding Fathers does not necessarily mean a happier existence for the legatees.

IN my little review of the MacDonald book I quoted Gladstone's description of the Constitution of the United States as "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man" and I find this in more extended form on the title page of Mr. Hehmeyer's tract. Of course, Gladstone here, as sometimes elsewhere, was a short distance from the truth. The American constitution had its origins in the English common law, in colonial institutions, and in the knowledge and wisdom of the men in the Philadelphia convention. They were processors rather than inventors and what they manufactured seemed so wonderful because of the way in which it was used. As Walter Bagehot (an oracle who is always consulted and cited by clarion callers and reviewers) said many years later, the men of Massachusetts could have worked *any* constitution. Our most serious present discontents result from unsatisfactory relationships between the legislature and the executive; from the inability of the former to scrutinize the work of a bureaucracy which the latter insufficiently controls; and from the behavior and misbehavior of the men we select to govern us. The bad weather which oppresses us is political and no constitutional convention can improve it.

"It is not the mechanism of the laws that produces great events, but the inner spirit of government." Thus Alexis de Tocqueville to the French Chamber just before the overthrow of Louis Philippe. "Keep the laws as they are, if you wish. I think you would be wrong to do so; but keep them. Keep the men too, if it gives you any pleasure . . . But in God's name change the spirit of your government, for, I repeat, that spirit will lead you directly to the abyss." Mr. MacDonald was indifferent to the profound truth in these ringing words. Mr. Hehmeyer is indifferent also. In the indifference of the country disaster lies.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

FICTION'S FAMOUS FIRES

A 10-alarm fire is this week's offering, each item recalling a memorable blaze in literature. If you attended these fires you can identify the stories in which they occurred and the characters concerned. Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. You'll find the answers on page 29.

1. After this artist had died of leprosy leaving the walls of his room covered with his greatest masterpiece, his Tahitian wife burned down the house.

2. Enraged because her master had been acquitted of murdering his first wife, this malicious housekeeper burned his country home.

3. After this prospector from Plum Tree, Tennessee, had frozen to death in the far north, his partner placed him in the hold of a wrecked ship and set fire to it.

4. A culinary milestone was marked when this Chinese boy accidentally set his house afire and thus cooked the pigs that lived in it too.

5. Because of the peculiar design of their Louisiana mansion this mother and her young daughter were unable to get out when it started to burn.

6. With the help of her sister-in-law, this war widow successfully fought a fire, set by invading troops, which threatened to engulf her Georgia mansion.

7. While flames roared at the rear end of the *Prairie Belle,* her pilot steered for the river bank and saved all aboard but himself.

8. When this gentleman's insane wife set fire to their country home, he was blinded and severely burned in trying to rescue her.

9. Obeying his father's orders, this boy remained at his post on the deck of a burning ship until he perished in the flames.

10. Because she disobeyed her father's orders, he put her to sleep on a mountain peak surrounded by a ring of flame through which only a hero could pass.

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American Beginnings

ORIGINS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By John C. Miller. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 1943. 505 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM S. LYNCH

THERE was a time when a volume with the title "Origins of the American Revolution" would have been regarded as of interest only to the scholars and students of history. Yet here is a thoroughly scholarly piece of work, precisely documented, and still lively and spirited enough for a best-seller list. It comes at a time when there is a great resurgence of pride in and curiosity about American history.

It is as a professional historian and research worker that Professor John C. Miller of Bryn Mawr makes his contribution to the American's understanding of himself. Chronologically, Miller in this book keeps to the years 1763-1776, from the Peace of Paris at the end of the Seven Years' War to the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the Second Continental Congress. In these years there occurred some of the events most familiar to American schoolboys—the Proclamation of 1763, the Sugar Act, the Stamp Act, the Townshend Acts, the Boston Tea Party, the Burning of the Gaspee, Lexington, and Concord. The story has been told often but it never grows stale. For his version, Professor Miller has gone straight back to the sources and he has presented his findings with freshness and vigor.

He sees the American Revolution for what it was—not merely an economic struggle, not just a political conflict, but the military expression of complicated factors involving outworn mercantilism, the clash between Parliament and King, the human desire of ordinary people for a cup of tea on their own terms. He sees it, too, as something not yet finished; he ends his book by quoting Harrison Gray Otis, who wrote to a friend many years after the Revolution: "You and I did not imagine, when the first war with Britain was over, that the Revolution was just begun." The democratic tide could not be stemmed and the Revolutionary movement could not be kept "within the narrow channel of resistance to Great Britain."

Professor Miller's Americans are neither demigods nor tavern roisterers exclusively, and his British are neither deliberate tyrants nor benevolent cousins overseas. Caught in the currents of expanding empire and the English tradition of liberty they are these things and more besides.

In discussing the ideology of the Americans during those years, Professor Miller makes clear the debt of American political thought to John Locke, whose "Two Treatises of Government," 1690, had made its author the philosophic apologist for the "glorious revolution of 1688." Little did he dream that he was to become the apologist for another revolution in another hemisphere. "Patriots quoted him with as much reverence as Communists quote Marx today. Indeed, it is not too much to say that during the era of the American Revolution, the 'party line' was John Locke." To be sure, the American mind twisted Locke to its purpose. Locke's doctrine of the supremacy of the legislature meant that the British Parliament should be raised higher than the Crown. The colonists used the theory to disprove Parliament's right to tax them without their consent. Jefferson repeats Locke's own phrases in the Declaration of Independence. To the British, however, the Americans were still living in the seventeenth century, and they in their eighteenth-century enlightenment looked on Locke as a museum piece. The Americans were better Englishmen than the English themselves insofar as they were holding to the traditional English concepts of liberty.

One of the fascinating aspects of this period in history is its cast of characters, the men and women who need little of the artificial coloring that the historical novelists have been giving them. In this book we get good glimpses of them as they must really have been. We see young Patrick Henry, after six weeks' study, given a license to practice law by the judges at Williamsburg. There is the story of the struggle between the Delanceys and the Livingstons for political control of New York state. There is Alexander McDougall, one of the most radical of the Sons of Liberty, imprisoned for anti-British agitation, receiving delegates of patriots in his cell, strikng the pose of an American John Wilkes. "Hardly a day passed but some patriotic ladies managed to get up a procession to visit the handsome prisoner."

—From the book

An old woodcut of Independence Hall

We see with Mr. Miller the lack of unity among the colonies, a lack which the British overrated and in so doing brought together the Boston "levellers," the Southern aristocrats, the Whig merchants.

Later, other foes of America were to be misled by the sectionalism and differences other than geographic which seemed at times to pull the American people apart. But at every critical moment Americans have found in their hatred of tyranny and love of liberty a common bond. The reader of this book will draw from its account of the Tom Paines, the Jeffersons, the pre-Revolutionary American citizens, inspiration for today's fight against the fact of tyranny, a fact which the American could not endure for himself in the past and will not tolerate now for any country or group of people anywhere.

Books for British War Relief

The British War Relief Society of the U. S. A. has launched a campaign to collect 500,000 books for the men of the fighting forces in North Africa, the Near East, and the Middle East. Mrs. Bernard Baruch, Jr., who heads the Book Committee of The British War Relief Society, reports that 30,000 books have already been contributed as the result of a limited campaign in the Greater New York area. The need for books is so great that her committee is now extending the drive to all parts of the country. In addition to the books shipped to the Mediterranean area, the committee plans also to furnish books for men of the British naval and merchant ships.

Books should be addressed to the Book Committee, British War Relief Society of the U. S. A., 84 Hudson Street, New York City.

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Genesis of a Double Tragedy

THE TWO MARSHALS, BAZAINE—PÉTAIN. By Philip Guedalla. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 346 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE D. CROTHERS

IT was a misapprehension of the past generation that France had laid autocracy to rest and had become devoted to liberty and equality. Perhaps we should have been prepared for the tragedy of Vichy, and we should not have been surprised at Frenchmen taking seriously the Fascist mouthings about discipline and authority, *Travail, Famille, Patrie.* It is small consolation now to be reminded by Philip Guedalla's "Two Marshals" that Frenchmen are not all virtuous republicans, and that twice within the memory of living man (albeit an old one) they placed their destiny in the hands of such dispirited and anti-Republican soldiers as Achille Bazaine and Philippe Pétain.

Mr. Guedalla makes ingenious use of the parallel between his two generals. They were each born in the same year as Napoleonic princes; they both fought in wars precipitated by the Germans; they were both pessimists; they both believed in the superiority of the defensive in war; they both defended fortified positions not far apart. But Bazaine was defeated at Metz, whereas Pétain was successful at Verdun. Bazaine surrendered a French army and was court-martialed. Pétain later surrendered France and became its self-exalted *Fuehrer.* All this is told with a verve and a brilliance that make the generals seem the more stodgy by comparison.

Mr. Guedalla might have written a trilogy and included a sketch of MacMahon, another anti-Republican Marshal who surrendered another French army at Sedan. For Bazaine was disgraced and imprisoned (justly or unjustly—one isn't quite sure), whereas MacMahon, *illustre vaincu,* was chosen monarchist head of the Third Republic. However, Bazaine and Pétain suffice to describe by implication the Frenchman's respect for authority in a crisis, his penchant for either worshipping or damning the military, and the depths of French morale in 1870 and 1940.

As biography, the book is less satisfying. Hidden behind Mr. Guedalla's glittering style and an amazing collection of vivid trivia, there are omissions to trouble the serious reader. It is nice to know that Bazaine's young bride took a piano with her to Gallipoli (whither she accompanied her spouse in the Crimean War) and played Mozart for the dying son of Marshal Ney. It would have been nice also to learn more about Bazaine during the crucial years from 1867 to 1870. The story of his rise from the ranks and his service in Africa, Spain, Crimea, Italy, and Mexico, and his portrait as a somewhat taciturn but moderately resourceful commander do not prepare the reader for his sudden despair in 1870. And the explanation that his excessive caution outside Metz was the result of five years of marriage to a seventeen-year old bride is hardly satisfying.

—*From the book*

The portrait of Pétain is more consistent. He was a tactician whose military forte was defense and whose political views, when articulate, were anti-Republican. He was friendly with anti-Dreyfusards, he made disparaging remarks about politicians, he was a pessimist in the First World War, spurred to successful action by stronger spirits, and only prevented from disastrous retreat in 1918 by his subordination to the more daring Foch. Consequently, when 1940 comes, his surrender is no surprise.

In all this tragedy the French people play the chorus, supporting one hero today and another tomorrow; fighting for principles here, yielding in despair there; loyal to leaders in success, distrustful in adversity; individualists always. In numerous smug comparisons with the British, the French come off second best, especially Marshals. But the story is dedicated *A toutes les gloires de la France.*

Where Devils Dared to Tred

THE SPY IN AMERICA. By George S. Bryan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1943. 234 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by STRUTHERS BURT

THE word spy has a hissing sound and is usually hissed. It is one of the most insulting names you can call a man or woman; one of the most shameful terms of obloquy, and yet actually the word means nothing more than to observe carefully; to watch; to discover while you yourself are unobserved; to look and find out.

Its origin is the old High German word *spehon,* the most innocent application of which is spy-glass. All intelligent and alert men and women are spying continually, automatically or consciously; on themselves, on others, on life. Hunters and explorers, frontiersmen, are consistent spies. That's the way they get through a new country without losing their lives. The habit of spying, held within honorable bounds, is one of the most useful the human race has developed. And without it the human race would have been speedily obliterated by stronger but less intelligent enemies. One reason why summer in a large city is so interesting and informative is that windows are open and you can watch other creatures of your species go about their business, unsuspecting, naturally, lonely self by self, unaware that they are being observed. This is wonderfully instructive, even more so than the zoölogical gardens invented by Hagenback where, in habitats congenial to them, animals are confined by barriers so natural they fail to recognize them as such.

In war the spy has always been indispensable although nowadays many of his functions have been taken over by the air force. None the less the spy, whom we have preferred to call an "agent" for the past forty years or so, will never go out of fashion. Living with the enemy, walking among them, listening, watching, ingratiating himself even to the point of often being part of their innermost councils, he knows things no airman can ever find out. Mr. Bryan quotes Frontinus the Roman on this subject and also Col. McDougall, one time superintendent of Great Britain's Royal Military College at Sandhurst, who said, "Without accurate intelligence of an enemy's movements, the greatest military talent is useless." The book also emphasizes, and proves by numerous illustrations, the result of research, the fact, which will be surprising to many Americans, that Washington was one of the greatest spy-masters of history. This upright, honorable gentleman believed firmly in the necessity for espionage and resorted to all manner of adroit tricks to promote it. And he

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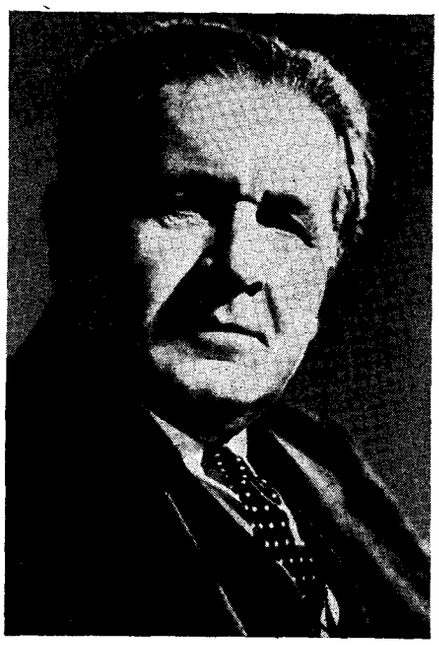
believed in every known form of deception in war including the double-lie whereby the enemy, thinking himself cleverer, deludes himself.

In 1781 when Washington intended to move upon Virginia and trap Cornwallis between the American army and the French fleet, a move he accomplished at Yorktown, he went to vast pains to deceive the British into thinking that the French fleet was on its way to anchorage off the mouth of the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey and that the next campaign would center about New York. Field ovens were built near Sandy Hook and at Chatham as if in readiness for the French troops; boats mounted on carriages were constructed as if for an attack on Staten Island; and forage of all kinds was collected. The double-lie occurred when Alexander Hamilton of Washington's staff, deliberately allowing a man whom he suspected of being a British spy to talk to him intimately, upon being asked where next the Continental army was going, replied, "To Virginia."

He knew the spy would not believe this apparent simplicity, nor did he.

All this is very interesting, and the first five chapters of "The Spy in America" covering the Revolutionary period could not be more engrossing and illuminating. Figure after figure moves across the pages, British agent, Loyalist agent, Revolutionary agent, or, as we choose to call the last, and I think justly, Patriot agent. Some of these were long-term, straight-out spies who fought the entire war in the enemies' camp, others were military men on temporary assignments, some were double spies, men that is who pretended to spy for one side while actually spying for the other, some were treacherous and slimy and venal creatures, the majority were men of singular courage, coolness, and faith. The death of a spy is not pleasant.

Here are such snobbish and twisted creatures as Dr. Benjamin Church, Harvard 1754, a highly respected physician of Boston who, after posing for a long while as a leading patriot, turned out to be a British agent, and Benjamin Thompson, also Harvard—Harvard apparently wasn't doing so well with some of its graduates—who also posed as a patriot and then fled to the British and ended his life both as a scientist of some reputation, a member of the Royal Academy, and also as Count Rumford of Bavaria, where at one time he was Minister of War. Along with these was the Rev. Jacob Duché, leading Anglican divine of Philadelphia, who when the Americans held that city preached the funeral sermon for Peyton Randolph, addressed the Second Congress fervently in 1775, was for awhile the



George S. Bryan

chaplain of that body, and then fell with equal fervor into the arms of the British when they arrived, writing to Washington one of the most patronizing and unconsciously insulting letters the mind of a foolish man could devise. The letter suggested that Washington abandon a hopeless cause and surrender at once, relying upon the mercy of his enemies.

All these gentlemen were motivated, as has been said, by snobbishness, a fear of freedom, and a distaste for "the people," and all three abandoned their wives. Whether the latter has any connection or not, I do not know, but it is at least coincidental. This suggests an interesting research.

Along with such men went Arnold, but on the other hand there were numerous gallant and disinterested British agents, such as that still pathetic figure, Major John André, and, on the American side, Robert Townsend, Nathan Hale, and Enoch Crosby, who is supposed to have been the original of Harvey Birch in Cooper's "The Spy."

One leaves these chapters with the impression, a correct one, that spies are as various as any other class of men and that there are distinct gradations of spying. One should judge a spy by the motives that caused him to undertake this most dangerous and least rewarded of jobs. Money is the lowest of motives, but a frequent one. Revenue stands higher in the scale, but should at least be analyzed carefully. The love of intrigue and adventure is neither moral nor immoral, but not especially worthy. In contrast are the men and women who undertake the work because of patriotism, or a just hatred of their enemies, or because, in an armed force, volunteers have been asked for. These must be men and women of even more than ordinary honesty, as has been said.

I have left little space for the remaining chapters of the book, equally rewarding and interesting; the Civil War period with Allan Pinkerton and his famous organization, and Emma Edmonds, and Belle Boyd, and Pauline Cushman, and scores of other spies, Union and Southern, many of them glamorous. The period of the Spanish War. The period of the World War, with Boy-Ed and Franz von Papen and that strange American traitor, James Archibald.

Two further important suggestions emerge from this book; all important and carefully considered books, history or fiction, carry important theses, implicit or deliberate. The traitor—not the spy, the traitor—is almost invariably a snob; someone who thinks himself better than others and who, as a rule, has added to this the feeling of not being appreciated. Snobbishness and a sense of superiority, especially if there is a sense of injury, are the materials out of which treason is made. The test can be made almost every day in periods like the present, although as a rule the traitors are not aware of their treachery. The second thesis, this time stated by Mr. Bryan, is that this country, because it is so large, so peaceful in its purpose, so inclined to a childish trustfulness, and, until recently, so naively isolationist, and never, until recently, believing much in spies, has always, paradoxically enough, been the happy hunting-ground of spies and seditionists, native and foreign.

We are still—even now—a naive people in that respect. It is fortunate that the Federal Bureau of Investigation with its motto "Fidelity, Bravery, Integrity" is not so naive. It is unfortunate that—even now—so many Americans still refuse to take this motto to heart and apply it to themselves.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 488)

WILLIAM A. PERCY:
IN NEW YORK: HOME

Too much is said too loudly; I am dazed.
. . . . . .
I must go
Back where the breakers of deep sunlight roll
Across flat fields that love and touch the sky;
. . . . . .
Where there is still a plain simplicity,
And faith, unwise, unquestioned, but a star.

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The World of the Airman

GOD IS MY CO-PILOT. By Col. Robert L. Scott. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 277 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

COLONEL SCOTT knew what he wanted. To become a flier. At the age of twelve, he tells us in this autobiographical story of raw adventures, he decided to build a glider—and crashed sixty-seven feet to the ground when he flew out into space. But he did not give up. A year later he bought at an auction a war-time Jenny for seventy-five dollars.

For several years he tried to become an Army pilot. He got what he wanted. He flew the mails in 1934. Then he trained other pilots. When the war started he learned that he was too old for combat. He was thirty-four. But, in March, 1942, his dreams came true. Although he was a pursuit man he received permission to fly an unarmed transport through the Burma skies. General Chennault's first American Volunteer Group had about seventy pilots. Scott became one of them. But he was still unhappy. It seems he was a "born killer." He wanted desperately to "slide in behind one of those enemy bombers or fighters and shoot him down." He told General Chennault that he wanted one single P-40 to use in India and Burma. He got what he wanted.

From there begins a story crammed with adventures, with excitement, with murder and sudden death. Scott's book boils with action. Heroic men cross every page of it. How Scott and his friends fought the numerically superior Zeros in many dozens of dog-fights is a great story of American bravery and ingenuity. And, though Colonel Scott clutters his story with technical data hardly comprehensible to a layman, the reader is never for a moment permitted to relax.

In May, 1942, he flew every day, sometimes as many as four missions a day over the Burma Road. Several thousand feet above the ground he would pray that "some luckless Jap would come in for the kill." Then one day, he saw Japanese columns on the Burma Road. He dived. "The road was so dusty that I could barely see the bodies of those I hit on the first pass. I suppose the others were hidden in the brush to the side." Again and again he strafed the troop column. And that afternoon he went back on the second mission. The place where he had caught the Japanese showed about forty dead men. He went back home, elated. "I had drawn my first blood, I felt the world was good again."

Colonel Scott sometimes does some serious thinking. Although he knew that the Japanese were out to "exterminate" the Americans he wondered. Would the realization that he had shot down Japanese pilots and strafed ground troops come back to him at night? Would he wake up in horror at having "blood on his hands?" Scott answers: "To that I say 'Nuts.' I never knew a pilot who thought about it."

Scott was soon called a "one man airforce." From thirteen to twenty-one Japanese pilots who fought against him are dead. As commander of fighter-pilots in General Chenault's China Air Task Force the Japanese learned to fear him. Scott hated the enemy and this burning hatred made him invincible. "A fighter pilot has to be the most offensive-minded man in all the world." Even after a Japanese plane had fallen and he had flown through the debris he found that he was still firing at the empty heavens.

Scott can write. This book is entirely his work, every word of it is his own. He tells his story with flow. "God is My Co-Pilot" is an intensely personal story, probably one of the most exciting stories to come out of this war. I am not sure whether God was Scott's co-pilot or Hate. But I am sure that men like Scott are going to win this war.

Colonel Robert L. Scott

Odyssey of an English Airman

ONE OF OUR PILOTS IS SAFE. By Squadron Leader William Simpson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1943. 226 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

MANY books of personal experience in this war have come into my hands, but this is certainly the most interesting and even enjoyable—if one can apply such a term to the Odyssey of an airman who was brought down, and badly burnt and disfigured in the ensuing crash. It is the philosophic asides, the descriptive talent of the author, and particularly his penetrating analysis of the devious workings of the French mind under defeat, from Pétain to the lowliest peasant, which make this book so intriguing and valuable. H. G. Wells said of it, "I have read it with extraordinary interest and admiration." The American public will certainly endorse this view.

This author airman took part in some reconnaissance and pamphlet-dropping flights but only saw one day of real battle; he was shot down by Ack-Ack and he owes his release from the blazing cockpit of the plane to the devotion of a member of his crew, who was also badly burnt in the work of rescue. Thereafter, for eighteen months, Squadron Leader Simpson was shuttled to and fro between various French hospitals; these are never, at the best of times, distinguished for the comfort of their appointments, and in wartime are dirty and understaffed. He enjoyed his first bath eighteen months after the crash.

At his bomber base, his squadron searched the skies in vain for French bombers and were only once visited by an antiquated contraption, which made the obsolete British Battles look like something out of Wells's "Shape of Things to Come." In the short period they were in the war, the French had only forty bombers fit for operations, and that only by night. Among the troops there was no sign of martial spirit; they were disillusioned, untidy, armed only with ancient rifles—and bored. In other words, they were beaten before they started.

The author is unstinting in his praise of the common people of France. Numbers came to see him in hospital, and men and women kissed him on as much of his cheeks as appeared through the pus-saturated bandages. They just sat and beamed at him, because they had no common language. They brought him tidbits from their own pitifully meager rations. When after a year or so, he could get about again, he went to a barber, who shaved him and asked him out to dinner, although he

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obviously had great difficulty in finding enough for himself to eat. Many from Le Havre, Lorient, Brest, and other German bases came to tell him how grateful they were to the RAF for having bombed their home towns!

It was only when he was transferred to hospital at Marseilles that he met inhuman treatment; the Commandant excluded him from the officers' dining room and forbade the other patients to speak to him. Some of the officers, however, told him it was disgusting and shameful that he should be treated so badly, after suffering disfigurement and the loss of the use of his hands in fighting for the defense of their country. But here again the orderlies were always good to him and very pro-British, as were all the common people of France.

The author confirms the many glowing opinions we have heard of the work of Laura Corrigan, who was distinguished for her lavish hospitality in London and Paris before the war. This American lady sold her jewels (I am told the big emerald went to Goering), her furs, and all her possessions and devoted herself to French and British prisoners and war-wounded. Out of all the Americans who were socially prominent in Europe, she shares the finest record of service with Lady Davis, who has been entertaining an average of eight hundred airmen *a day* at her two club-houses at Montreal and Moncton. Both of them are shining examples and their devotion and service should have been an inspiration to others.

Squadron Leader Simpson also pays a warm tribute to the magnificent work done at Lyons by the American Vice-Consul for the footloose of the many nationalities entrusted to his charge. This I am happy to be able to confirm, having heard it myself from many other sources. He calls that Consulate "an oasis of freedom in an oppressed country."

It was nearly two years before his repatriation was arranged. After crossing the Spanish frontier, the author affirms that for abject misery he never saw the equal of Franco's Spain—a stark contrast to the bright and cheerful condition of Portugal and the charming treatment he received from the Portuguese.

Locking New Guinea Against Japan

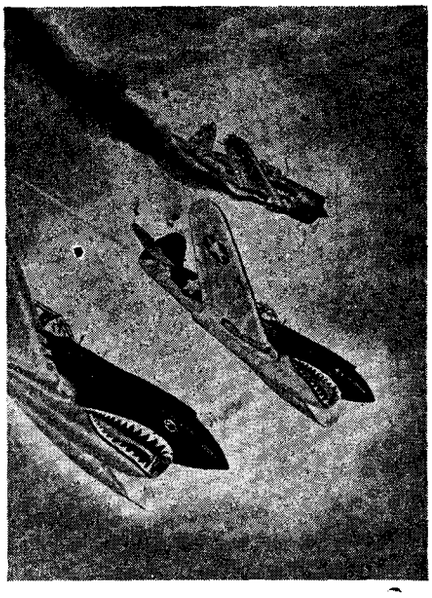
THE FIGHT FOR NEW GUINEA. By Pat Robinson. New York: Random House. 1943. 183 *pp., and index.* $2.

Reviewed by MARK J. GAYN

WHEN today's headlines have become history, the Battle for New Guinea will merit a separate and a heroic chapter. It will be important not because of the island's strategical significance, nor because of the size of the forces employed, nor yet because it was Japan's first defeat—for that distinction had gone to Guadalcanal. But the fight for New Guinea will remain in the memory of men because in the wilderness of this island American boys had learned the harsh lessons of jungle warfare, and then showed in action their superiority over a tough foe. It was also in the skies of New Guinea that the Air Force gave its best demonstration as an important adjunct to the land Army—serving as the Army's scout, long-range gun, and an aerial jeep.

The record of the battle is now offered by Pat Robinson, who covered the New Guinea front for the International News Service. His is the story of the young fliers who fought the opening round, in which Port Moresby was saved and the invader, exhausted in the attempt to cross the Owen Stanley Range, was forced to retreat to his bases in Buna and Gona.

Robinson is a competent reporter. He is also a worshipper of heroes, ranging from MacArthur down to the mechanics at the Seven-Mile Airfield near Port Moresby. He names them all, three and four and a half dozen to a page, complete with addresses and physical characteristics. He describes their acts of heroism, and each such vignette of ten or twenty lines is first-rate reportage. When he gets through this list of heroes and their exploits, the reader begins to appreciate some of the tremendous difficulties which our airmen encountered—and overcame—in the South Pacific.



Warhawk, Curtis P-40E. These are the "Flying Tigers" that have fought so brilliantly in China and the South Pacific. The plane at the top is a Japanese Zero.

But the book also suffers from serious shortcomings. For twenty years, Pat Robinson has covered sports, and the technique of covering baseball and boxing has become a part of him, until he cannot depart from it even in writing a book on strategy, war, and men's violent death. Primarily a collection of short newspaper reports on hundreds of men, the book is shapeless. It has no continuity, no discernible chronological or thematic order, no suspense. It has so many heroes, the weary memory refuses to remember them. It has literally hundreds of exciting episodes, and their very number dulls their effect until none stands out as did Hersey's engagement in the valley, or Tregaskis's battle of the Matanikau.

Of his 175 pages, Pat Robinson devotes some six-sevenths to the story of airmen, and only a seventh to the equally heroic story of the infantrymen, who hacked their way through the world's worst jungle and then stormed and captured the enemy strongholds. This throws the entire battle for New Guinea out of focus, for, however valuable were the aerial operations, it was the lowly infantryman who took Gona and Buna.

And, to this reviewer, Robinson's discourse on MacArthur and high strategy is sheer nonsense. MacArthur is obviously a good general, with an offensive spirit and a readiness to adopt new tactical ideas. But Robinson is letting his enthusiasm run away with him when he describes MacArthur as the greatest general of this war, thus compelling MacArthur to match his record against those of Eisenhower, Montgomery, Timoshenko, and Zhukov; Rokossovsky, who won the battle of Stalingrad; Yamashita, who took Singapore, or Homma—who defeated MacArthur. Nor is Robinson convincing in his argument that, by holding Port Moresby, MacArthur had saved Australia, thus saving India, the eastern half of Russia, and us all from Japan-imposed coolie standards.

The book, incidentally, is a "war baby"—small, slim, narrow-margined—and Random House deserves congratulation for demonstrating that war-time scarcities do not spell the end of attractive books.

WAR BONDS
Not A Gift But Thrift

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What Makes the Wheels Go Round

THE SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE. By Edgar M. Queeny. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 267 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by C. J. FRIEDRICH

EDGAR M. QUEENY'S "The Spirit of Enterprise" is an attempt on the part of a thoughtful business man to restate the philosophy of free enterprise in terms of an elaborate refutation of the policies of the American Government as pursued during the last decade.

Having read Veblen, the author sees the traces of that ironic mind on all sides, and he brings forward much evidence from the Temporary National Economic Committee and other sources to sustain his contentions. Since these years have been a period of violent social experimentation, Mr. Queeny, like others before him, does not lack opportunities for making a telling point. There is the usual ranting against the professors as when he writes: "Not one (of the authors of the monographs of the T.N.E.C.) has made a contribution to the system of private enterprise he criticizes. Most have never left the abstract scholastic atmosphere of the social science classrooms, etc." From a business man, this is a strange lament indeed. Since when have men of action been expected to write monographs and books?

The rather inconclusive critical part of the book could be allowed, if the author had any striking alternative to offer. But his answer to the question: "Who runs American enterprise?" is "The ultimate consumers! You and I and 130 million other Americans." Queeny follows this revelation by the explanation: "We spend our money where we think we get the best value or service." It is hardly surprising that with such a starting point the author gets down to no specific alternative issues of policy. Indeed, in the chapter specifically entitled "An Alternative" he starts out with insisting that our policies will be based on "realism" (another magic word), but gets on to nothing more than a national incorporation law (which is all right), an imperialist foreign policy, a continuation and gradual dissolution of the war-time controls, abolition by statute of all lobbying pressure groups, increasing competition by eliminating interlocking directorates, etc.

To this mêlée is added an exhortation to the press which significantly begins: "The press should be made to clean its doorstep, too." Once more there follow facts, fancies, and obiter dicta such as "in each case editorial opinion is controlled by the publisher."

Such dubious generalities lead up to . . . what? A new statute! "It would seem in the interest of an informed public and free minds that Congress consider how to restore free competition to enrich and purify the newspaper business . . ." So it's the Government, after all, which is to interfere with business.

Queeny's "alternative" also includes exhortations about taxes, Government publicity, the SEC, the NLRB, and a plea for a continuation and expansion of the Social Security Act. Indeed, "in a resurrection of a climate wherein private enterprise may again thrive, we need not abandon any of the publicly-expressed social aims of the New Deal. . . . Industrial management as a whole does not want to abandon these social objectives."

In other words, the "alternative" turns out not to be much of an "alternative" after all. In a curious chapter entitled "Vision" the technological improvements yet to come are depicted in glowing nineteenth-century enthusiasm à la Jules Verne. "Realities have already exceeded the audacity of Jules Verne," the author exclaims. "Even the weather bureau will have become as wise as frogs" and to crown it all "another Isaac Newton will have been born." As one stirs uneasily in one's seat, wondering where all this will end, he stumbles upon the concluding thought, "we need moral food, also. We need the solid meat of enterprise, with its vitamins of thrift and competition, to build character! We need the stimulating ferments of the wine of clashing ideas for our intellects!"

Si tacuisses, philosophus fuisses.

Geography in American History

YEARS OF THIS LAND. A Geographical History of the United States. By Hermann R. Muelder and David M. Delo. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1943. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JEAN NEVINS

A COLLABORATION by a historian and a geographer here gives us an unusual book—but unfortunately one not altogether successful. It is primarily an attempt to relate the history of the country to the main geographical factors: to soil, streams, forests, mineral wealth, and climate. But the volume attempts a bit too much. It actually contains three different elements; one a brief description of the long geological past of America, one an account of physiographic influences upon exploration, Westward expansion, agriculture, and the rise of industrialism, and one a record of recent work in the conservation of natural resources and a plea for its expansion. The authors have a commendable object in view. But they cover so much ground in two hundred and forty pages that the tillage has to be thin and elementary. Perhaps a geologist would be satisfied with the very sketchy account of the successive pre-historic epochs, coming down to the last glaciers. But few historians will feel the central section of the book adequate. Not all the main physiographic elements in our history are mentioned, and not all their effects are properly described; while the general approach is on a level suited for adolescents, not adult minds.

The best part of the book is its latter half, which describes the immense and deplorable wastes in our exploitation (we might almost say gutting) of the continent; the rude awakening which came in our own time, when men found that our resources were far from "inexhaustible" and that our soil over a wide area had been horribly depleted, and measures belatedly taken to present a remedy. The authors here have an important message, and they deliver it with conviction and power. The criminal errors in our misuse of lumber, minerals, potential water power, and fertile humus are well described. The significance of the TVA and the Bonneville Boulder Dams is effectively stated, and the right moral drawn from the story of these great projects—"a new kind of enterprise in America." An eloquent appeal is made for more patience, honesty, forethought, and economy in managing our national heritage. Finally, the authors call attention in some interesting pages to the application of new scientific ideas to American farms, mines, and waterpower-units. Automobile bodies grow out of the soybean plant, silk-like dresses out of the milk pail, and rubber tires from the coal shaft. "The meaning of our geography is already being changed in the laboratory."

Geography and history are closely related, and, while the two studies cannot be integrated, each throws light on the other. We have several good books on geographic factors in American history. More work remains to be done in the field. But while this volume has certain good features, it is too weak on the historical side to be really satisfactory.

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Lin Yutang Looks at an Inferno

BETWEEN TEARS AND LAUGHTER. By Lin Yutang. New York: John Day Company. 1943. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL I. WELLMAN

LIN YUTANG, whose writings have heretofore delighted his generation, turns in his newest book, "Between Tears and Laughter," to international relations insofar as China is concerned in this war.

As a Chinese he naturally is deeply concerned and perturbed by the whole world picture. He has seen China, as he puts it, receive a series of "slaps"—the shipping of scrap iron and oil to Japan, the closing of the Burma Road, the British confiscation of Chinese lend-lease supplies, the failure of adequate air transport to China, the shabby treatment of the Chinese Military Commission to Washington, the "accusations of fascism and imperialism" and of hoarding in China, and finally the non-presence of Chinese representatives at Casablanca.

Aroused thus, he turns with no little fury on the whole fabric of the white man's civilization and gives it a going over, with particular attention to his favorite *bête noir*, the much-hawked "materialism of the West."

The result of all this is a book which in places is almost profound, in places almost ill-natured, and which will leave many a reader unconvinced that the author is as informed on some aspects of world affairs as he is, let us say, on Oriental philosophy.

This book is directed at America. It appeals directly to Americans, and Lin Yutang frequently uses "we" and "us" as if he included himself as an American. Other members of the United Nations front are not treated similarly. He is bitter, for instance, toward Britain, and, though he enters a disclaimer to the charge that he is anti-British, his rancor toward Churchill and his government seems at times almost equal to his rancor toward the Japanese.

Having directed his book at us as Americans, he proceeds to hold up to us the mirror to our faults—a habit of our national guests to which we as Americans are by now well accustomed. Yet, although we are perhaps a nation of literary masochists to whom such criticism appeals, there are in this book some points to which Americans will naturally have answers, and concerning which they will have perhaps some questions of their own to ask.

Buttressing his argument with many a wise Chinese saw, Lin Yutang takes the somewhat extraordinary view that America is responsible for China's welfare. China, he says, is fighting a "war for freedom," wherefore America long has owed it to China to save her from the Japanese.

He is profoundly critical because we did not, long before we did, take over the burden of destroying Japan and thus rescuing China. The people of America, he contends, are "sound"—which is to say that the American public has consistently been in favor of trouncing Japan—but the leaders

have temporized and failed to carry out the mandate. He goes so far as to accuse these leaders, including President Roosevelt, of nothing short of double-dealing.

All of which is fairly confusing argument, and one which indicates Lin Yutang's sketchy knowledge of the American people. In those years when he apparently believes the public was demanding action, including the halting of the Japanese trade in oil and iron, there was no such universal demand. A few vocal groups did demand it, but the general public was indifferent through isolationism, or reluctant to do anything that might lead to international difficulties. Instead of the Government's being forced to act by public demand, it is the sober truth that the Roosevelt administration was wrathfully accused of warmongering for doing as much as it did.

We know now that a war with Japan and Germany would have been inevitable under any circumstances. But we also know that it took the Pearl Harbor method to put us into the war. Paralysis of isolationism and pacifism would never have allowed us to move into it of our own volition. Had it not been for the policies of the administration, however, we might have been caught far more poorly prepared than we were by the blow when it came.

The real underlying basis for "Between Tears and Laughter" is, of course, the author's impatience with the American policy of defeating Hitler first and Japan second. Like most whose interests lie primarily in the Pacific, Lin Yutang feels passionately that Japan should be the No. 1 foe. He sees China condemned to four more years of bloodshed (his own estimate) and cries out with indignation that this should be so. Blame for it he places on the traditional Western policy of indifference and exploitation toward Asia and Asiatics.

We must admit sadly his charges that we consider the dark-skinned peoples as "natives" and take toward them an arrogant view are all too true in many cases. Yet things are not as easily simplified as the Chinese philosopher appears to believe. Granted that we may perhaps be a trifle more aware of our own problems than those

On Hearing the Latest Work of a Young American Composer

By Robert Nathan

GOD, give this country music once again.
We have been fed too long on rusty squeaks,
On noise and wonder. Give us simple men
Who love a song because the music speaks
Not to the mind or to the startled glance,
But to the heart, wise enemy of head;
Or give us men who love a country dance,
As good and wholesome as a loaf of bread.
Discord breeds trouble, even in the ear,
And too much wit makes cowards of us all.
Let us have song again, to carry clear
Some April beauty through the mists of fall,
And dignity, not too much mixed with art,
To be the singing measure of the heart.

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of China, can he expect anything else?

It might perhaps be remembered that the United States also is fighting for its soul; and a philosopher who possesses a certain universality of concepts ought to understand the nature of humanity—whether American or Chinese—well enough to know that the crisis of events governs first considerations.

America has a profound sympathy for the sufferings and dangers of China. It is the determination of America to destroy the Japanese beast which has fastened on China's jugular. But, before we can spare the strength to deal with this enemy behind, we must first overcome that other enemy in front—Germany.

We must furnish the weapons of war to China, says Lin Yutang, after decrying the materialism that produced those weapons. While we furnish the weapons and fight the foe, we must stop to straighten out the full tangle of international relations as regards India, China, Burma, and all other Asiatic countries. The slogan "Win the war first" he bitterly decries. Meanwhile, he even moves to suggest that we change the philosophy if not the form of our own government, indulging in a very pretty metaphysical outline of the Chinese ideal of government, but neglecting to give any very satisfactory description of how this ideal worked in the centuries of Chinese imperial dynasties, or why it has failed to keep first the Chinese war lords, and second the Japanese, under control.

That it may be militarily necessary to win our Hitler war before we turn our force on our Asiatic enemies he does not seem to take in consideration, save as a pretty shabby indication that we do not regard the Asiatic peoples highly enough.

So deeply does he feel on this that he even threatens that unless we straighten out our Asiatic relations we may have to fight a "bigger, better war"—with the 450,000,000 people of Asia itself.

All of this is just a little disappointing. As a calm, wise, and witty philosopher, Lin Yutang has his great circle of admirers in this country and elsewhere. It seems too bad that he does not better sense the American effort for war, the patient, potent mustering of power, the honest good intentions toward all peoples friendly to us—if they will only give us the time to accomplish the things toward which we have set our faces, if they will only be patient enough to await our ability to help them.

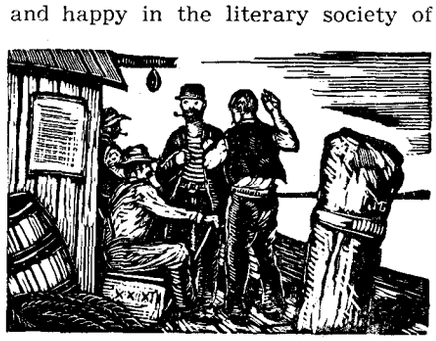
The Phenomenon of Mark Twain

MARK TWAIN: MAN AND LEGEND. By DeLancey Ferguson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1943. 352 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT E. SPILLER

MARK TWAIN died in the conviction that his public did not understand him because he had discovered truth too awful for its acceptance. He was right in everything but the reason. Understanding him has been a slow process, but with this latest biography it can be said to have been completed. There is no longer reason for thinking of him as a mystery because we recognize him now as a sensitive instrument recording the conflicts and the paradoxes of his times rather than as a simple humorist or a profound philosopher. His greatness lies in his perceptions, his weakness in his lack of organizing power. He was at heart an artist of the folk.

Mr. Ferguson is not the first to interpret him in these terms, and his position is not very different from that of Edward Wagenknecht. But his book was needed because there has been no full-length biography written since the air of controversy began to clear. He corrects A. B. Paine's "authorized" life by following step-by-step the transition from the happy humorist of "Innocence Abroad" and "Tom Sawyer" to the bitter misanthrope of "What is Man"? and "The Mysterious Stranger." And he resolves the controversy that followed Van Wyck Brooks's charges back in 1920, not by direct attack as did DeVoto and others, but rather by accepting all the verifiable evidence that has been brought forward by both sides and avoiding the conclusions of both. No one can now deny that there is a connection between the mechanistic view of man of Twain's last years and his childhood background in fundamentalist Calvinism; no one can question Livy's influence in toning down his work after his marriage although that influence can be exaggerated and distorted; no one can argue that his naive soul was entirely comfortable and happy in the literary society of Howells and Warner although the importance of his comfort may be overrated; no one can pass over the depressing effects of business failure and family loss although the inclination toward nihilism can be clearly detected before either of these things happened.



On the other hand, it is possible to accept, as Mr. Ferguson does, all these facts and factors on their face value and to avoid a denunciation or defense of the barbarous West of Mark Twain's youth, of the feminine domination of much of his life, of the genteel conventions of Hartford, and of the crass materialism of the "Gilded Age." Mark Twain was not a thwarted genius who might has been far greater had he been born in another time and place; nor was he a finished artist. He had in him much of the genius and there was much in his life to thwart him, but there was also much to bring out the best that was in him and it is a reasonable conclusion that he was about as great in his achievements as he was in his potentialities.

Mr. Ferguson has deliberately limited his study to those aspects of Mark Twain's life which have direct bearing on his development as a man of letters. He thus avoids the pitfalls of psychological or sociological analysis, but he also loses much of the color and vitality inherent in his subject. His book is a conscientious weighing of relevant facts in sequence rather than a biography, yet it is too much of a narrative to realize its possibilities as literary criticism. The result is informative rather than entertaining or stimulating.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 7

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 7 will be found in the next issue.

JOISA OX GNSOZ NFAMRXTA'

RMASXKSA UZWJ AFMGDSZ

RXT TRFUNGSZA AWVSGOVSA

ZFX WPP JOGN GNS MFGDSZ.

MQZWX—TWX BFRX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 6

IT IS WITH NARROW-SOULED PEOPLE AS WITH NARROW-NECKED BOTTLES; THE LESS THEY HAVE IN THEM THE MORE NOISE THEY MAKE POURING OUT.

ALEXANDER POPE—
"THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS"

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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MATCHED WITH THIS HOUR

TO continue the discussion begun two weeks ago, I am not among those who think that many poets have not realized what this war was about, or that poets *en masse* have shuddered away from expressing themselves concerning it. Many of our best young poets (like Harry Brown and Karl Shapiro) are now in the Armed Services, where writing poetry is hardly part of their daily training! Among the older poets, their best and most characteristic work has been done, and they have endured one world war. Carl Sandburg has already written at least one poem concerning this war, "The Man with the Broken Fingers," which will stand with anything written so far. Edgar Lee Masters has done his work; Vachel Lindsay and Amy Lowell are gone; Robert Frost is an aloof philosopher whose chief value to us is as a contemplative; others of the period in which poetry found itself at the time of the last war have nothing particularly new to say. Among the men who came later, you could hardly imagine T. S. Eliot as writing "The Battle Hymn of the New Republic," Ezra Pound has been befooled by the rant of Il Duce (though he properly belongs in our first category), Archibald MacLeish has been doing valuable advisory and directive service for the Government, and not least as head of the great Library of Congress; Stephen Vincent Benét, untimely dead, did his utmost polemically and as a poet of the people; Robert Nathan has written some of the best topical poems of the war that we have had; and certainly we should not forget Alfred Kreymborg's recent ballads. His unflagging efforts in behalf of a national recognition of poetry, through the years, has been wholly admirable, particularly as he encouraged and consistently took the part of those he believed overlooked and undervalued.

But we are well aware that the poetic scene has changed a great deal since the World War of 1914. Then, in England, we had the so-called Georgian poets, who claimed among their number the present Poet Laureate, the glamorously famous Rupert Brooke who lies at Scyros, the bitterly honest Wilfred Owen whose handful of poems have somehow lasted better than most, the equally honest rage of Siegfried Sassoon against war, expressed in blazingly ironic and reproachful verses some of which will, I think, be quoted ages hence; the sturdy work of Wilfrid Wilson Gibson; and Robert Graves's use of the fantastic in depicting the war. We had also the youthful ardors and endurances of Robert Nichols. To a new generation of poets most of these names doubtless seem unbearably "old hat," but they were young men once who wrote strongly and brilliantly and, moreover, in a fashion one could readily understand. Our poets over here were doing the like. All the experimentation in free verse and imagism only served to clarify verse and rid it of poetic jargon.

But after the war, with a tremendous wealth of life to write about, even overburdened as it was with tragedy and with war-induced folly, the poets turned their eyes inward and crawled away into their vocabularies, where lusty interest in life dried up, and intellectual aridity prevailed. In many cases, hypercriticism and an intellectuality so *précieuse* that it could not abide the coarse vulgarity and brutality of life denied the poets any way of escape from the wasteland which they had at first hailed with such acute intellectual snobbery. If at first they felt that their audience had lost touch with them, certainly they worked themselves into a position in which any possible audience found them talking a kind of Coptic of no interest whatever to the ordinary human being. They really had only themselves to blame. Art easily falls victim to clique and cult and the mutual admiration society. A quartet of younger poets, all with power, who eventually came on in England did not escape such influences at first, though they have now developed in various ways: I mean Auden, Spender, Day-Lewis, and MacNeice.

During certain of these years that great man, Thomas Hardy, was still writing with a gnarly originality that the younger men could not touch; William Butler Yeats, even in his Madam Blavatsky moments, was a poet head and shoulders above the many; John Masefield was at least proving that a powerful narrative poet could also produce notable narrative prose. Such men had had little if anything ever to do with coterie. (Certainly the Abbey Theatre was far above this, and the greatest thing that happened, in its time, to the English-speaking drama.) But the general desiccation in poetry had spread; and when we came to another war a great many of the poets found themselves utterly unable to reorientate. They had been living in a dream-world of language.

Of late years, therefore, the writer of this editorial has found little sustenance in the most modern poetry. Too much was happening in the world, too much suffering and torture, oppression and death; too many false creeds and false gods were gibbering in the mental confusion that seems to gather just before a storm breaks in the minds of men. Some acid and feline twisting and untwisting of fine strands of lack of apprehension seemed of little interest when the world was making such a spectacle of itself. One of Pound's garbled cantos of scrap-book erudition, even, hardly satisfied the aroused and affronted heart. The most foul and abysmally ignorant and horribly cruel doctrines were howled and shrieked to millions of peasants abroad, and our people of delicate feeling and fine apprehension found themselves all of a shudder with nothing wherewith to meet it. They are the folk who still wish to bring the Hapsburgs back to Spain, and hope for luxury-travel after the war.

The poets were more or less in this class, many of them. They had, many of them, become excessively tender-minded, while the prosemen were flexing their biceps and sticking out their jaws and getting mighty tough. Or the poets had come to the conclusion that ordinary language couldn't express all their finespun thoughts and were busily inventing a new palaver that only they could understand. They are still inclined that way, and still you have to read a really modern poem two or three times before it makes the slightest sense. Even then you usually have to check your reason at the door.

After the war, will all this seem of value? Probably. It is no worse a way of wasting time than many others in our pseudo-civilization. Eventually it will change into something else. Meanwhile great outward changes will have come over the world. But the poets should be the pioneers of spiritual and mental change, a great deal of which is now so badly needed. Many of them have been content to sneer and jeer at the majority, and pick nosegays by the way. These nosegays of contorted words and queer imagery are nice playthings for new Bunthornes; they decorate a great deal of thoroughly bad writing and fool the critics to the top of their bent. Meanwhile the journalists of verse are often writing considerably better. For, at least, they dwell not in the Never-Never Land, but in the actual world of battle and tears.

W. R. B.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Carbona in the Medicine Chest

SIR: In his "Trade Winds," Mr. Cerf makes the following observation: "The most notorious hypochondriac in bookish circles is Hendrik van Loon, etc., etc."

I have this moment made an examination of my medicine chest. It contains a bottle of Carbona, a box filled with old razor blades which the salvage people did not want, a can of a shaving lotion which George Biddle uses and which was wished upon me at a charity quiz in Stamford, a few dried-up mustard plasters from a bronchitis of a few years ago and a bottle of eye-wash. The only medicine I ever take is an occasional digitalis pill, which the doctor forces me to swallow for a slight heart ailment. When Jimmie does not forget that pill, I take it in the morning with my fifth cup of coffee. I never carry a pill or powder with me in my pocket and I could not do so as said pockets are filled with all sorts of paint boxes and odds and ends of pencils.

As for my peregrinations with the estimable George Bye, I occasionally (all too rarely) meet him on the train and then we walk together as far as his office. On our way, we pass a couple of haberdasheries, an art material store, Gristede's Bon Voyage store, a place where they sell knives and scissors, a music store and a few places where you can buy trunks and bags. None of them could (even if they wished to do so) sell me any drugs.

Finally, I am not much given to "bookish circles." I am too busy.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.
Old Greenwich, Conn.

Banker vs. Poet

SIR: All of us—Mr. Benét, Mr. Lamont, and the readers—probably appreciate the futility of ever reconciling the viewpoints of the Benéts and the Lamonts. Not the poets but the Lamonts of the earth are the true idealists—the practical idealists. They know what they want. To them the global economy is no dream; it is a reality already notarized. They are the great internationalists. They have already divided the whole earth into a few peaceful trading areas where they will sell mankind the vital materials of modern civilization. They did it before the war; they are all set to do it after the war. They don't need postwar planning boards.

JULIEN ELFENBEIN.
New York, N. Y.

SIR: The Lamont-Benét controversy was unusual in one respect—it was conducted in true Chesterfield style—perhaps the forerunner of a more amiable understanding and appreciation of free enterprise. Let us hope so.

Without any intent of engaging in personalities, may I say the purpose of this letter is to correct, if permissible, Mr. Benét's opinion of capital: "Actually, capital 'goes hand in hand with obstruction of all progress of sociology and economics.'" From what source you got the information on which to base such a charge against capital I do not know, but I would say whoever gave you the information made a great error.

If it had not been for capital as a whole (of course there were exceptions), "free enterprise," as we Americans and the Anglo-Saxons recognize it would have died more than a quarter-century ago, and there would have been little, if any, progress in sociology or economics. Life would have been carried on under a system of requisitions and permits, while progress in any endeavor would have been advanced or retarded as the need for same was shown. And may I say Communism, Naziism, or Fascism were not in the offing at that time.

If your charge were true, how could capital have been geared up to such a fine state of efficiency, where its business enterprises were able to make such rapid strides and improvement in science to a point where on short notice mass production, on a scale the like of which this world has never known was undertaken after Pearl Harbor; and our Allies supplied with the sinews of defense and offense within a short time; this, notwithstanding strikes and interference with the workers and management.

ROBERT J. FOSTER.
New York, N. Y.

"No, *no*, NO—I said robot!"

Double Shock

SIR: I teach American Literature at college and naturally take a keen interest in books that may or may not be valuable to me. I had been interested in the announcements of "The Shock of Recognition," edited by Edmund Wilson, partly from its subject-matter, partly from its editor, since Mr. Wilson, like Mr. Lewis, is a writer of stature that should assure him a responsible, serious, soundly critical treatment. The review Jones wrote not only gave me nothing that told me anything I wanted to find out about the book, but it also exhibited the same show-off, specious comment that vitiated any possible effectiveness in the review of "Gideon Planish." The last sentence, with the short-sighted evaluations he makes there of works that are, of course, familiar to me, made my disgust with the review which had been growing steadily as I read on, complete. S. M.

Michigan was Responsible

SIR: Mr. Calkins's article on Will Carleton in your issue of July 24 brings up some new Wisconsin-Michigan boundary troubles. Will Carleton was born on a farm near Hudson in Lenawee County, Michigan, but how that ever got to be "western Michigan near the Wisconsin state line" is beyond me. And as for his attending "Hillsdale College in Wisconsin," I'm afraid we can't have that either. For better, for worse, Michigan must acknowledge both her Eddie Guests.

MARY E. COOLEY.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

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TRADE Winds

VOLDEMAR VETLUGUIN, formerly associate editor of *Red Book Magazine,* and now assistant to Louis B. Mayer of M.G.M., has been sounding out publishers on an ingenious scheme designed to bag picture rights to top literary products for his studio. M.G.M. proposes two prize contests a year, eligible to every author of fiction or non-fiction. The winning author will get $100,000 in cash from M.G.M. plus twenty cents a copy for all book sales over fifty thousand, with a ceiling of about $300,000 (chicken feed). Furthermore, the fortunate publisher will get a bonus of $25,000 over and above the author's loot. *The Reader's Digest,* according to present plans, will have an option to publish a condensation of the winning tome, paying its top price for the privilege. Entries will be graded A, B, and C. C manuscripts will be returned to publishers within a week of the opening of each contest. B ratings will be held longer, or returned at the option of the publishers. Even A books will not be held longer than forty-five days. Vetluguin hopes to throw his first contest open on November 15, and declare a winner by January 1. In addition to tying up the winner, M.G.M. is prepared to purchase other suitable material which may be entered for the contest. If no entrant is considered worthy of choice, the best of the lot will receive a $25,000 consolation prize, with all rights reverting to the author. The board of judges will consist of one or two famous critics, an editor of *The Reader's Digest,* and a representative of the studio. Leading candidate for the latter is Sidney Franklin, who produced "Mrs. Miniver," "The Good Earth," and "Madame Curie."

"Why should a best-selling novel command a price of only ten or twenty thousand dollars?" Vetluguin asked entranced publishers, "when some measly stage comedy that has played to half empty houses for three months fetches a quarter of a million? We hope to uncover some fresh talent in these contests, although you understand that Edna Ferber or James Hilton wouldn't be ruled out. Furthermore, we're not looking for formula screen stories. Don't forget that some of Hollywood's greatest smashes came from unlikely material. Look at 'Mrs. Miniver,' 'Random Harvest,' and 'The White Cliffs of Dover!'" (I wasn't aware that "The White Cliffs" had been filmed, but I wouldn't have interrupted Mr. V. for the world.)

No formal announcement of the plan has been made as yet, as it is impossible to gauge exactly what cooperation will be forthcoming from publishers, authors, and agents. At week's end, all of them were intrigued at least by the lovely round figures involved; representatives of other companies were hollering fraud and blue murder. I'll keep you posted on developments. . . .

"THAT NEW MARQUAND BOOK," I said at lunch, "is just about the best novel I've read this year."

"I didn't know you publish Marquand," said my friend innocently.

"I don't, damn it," I grumbled. "Because I say I like a book a lot, that doesn't mean I have to be its publisher, does it?"

"Okay, don't get huffy about it," said my companion. "Remember I've had lots of opportunity to study the ways of you publishing birds. What's the name of this new book?"

"'So Little Time,'" I told him. "It's about a man who remembers what the last war did to him and watches his boy at college get ready to go through the same sort of thing. The Book-of-the-Month Club picked a natural for itself this time. One of the important characters is a correspondent who grinds out best sellers. He's a ringer for your pal——. Marquand polishes off a literary party, too. He mentions Random House three times in it."

"Oh, so that's it," said my friend.

"Damn it, that's not it," I cried. "That's just a detail I happened to think of."

"Isn't Marquand the fellow," mused my friend, "who wrote about that Pullman, Esquire who should have married Hedy Lamarr?"

"That is extremely accurate for you," I replied graciously. "And now I will have to tear myself away from your scintillating company and finish our fall catalogue."

"Nobody on earth ever reads a publisher's catalogue," averred my friend sweetly, and added, "All right, all right, I'll read your fine book. Think it will make a picture, too?"

"Will it! I hate to think what Hollywood is going to pay for this one! It has everything!"

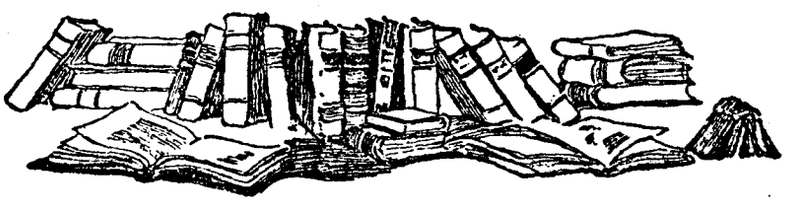
"Say, I wonder if that author is any relation of old Rube Marquard," my friend said suddenly.

"It's Marquand, you dope, not Marquard," I answered. "But do you remember those nineteen straight? It was Jimmie Lavendar who broke his streak."

"Yeah," said my friend. "The Cubs did it. The score was 4-2."

Peace had been restored, and we parted in perfect amity. Eat your lunch in the back room at the Plaza if you want to overhear really literary conversation. . . .

WASHINGTON OBJECTIONS have necessitated indefinite postponement of Ambassador Grew's journal, "Ten Years in Japan," although a slim chance remains that it will be cleared before the year's end. . . . Captain Antoine de Saint-Exupéry has rejoined the old aviation group whose exploits he described in "Flight to Arras." . . . Peggy Leech, author of "Washington Reveille," has spent most of the summer in a New York hospital. She will soon be O.K. again. Peggy and Heywood Broun co-authored the first selection of the Literary Guild—a biography of snooper Anthony Comstock. That was in 1927, and a fair proportion of the booksellers who swore that the Guild was going to ruin them are now selling subscriptions on a commission basis. . . . Albert Idell, whose "Centennial Summer" is the August selection of that same Guild, is already at work on a sequel, to be entitled "Great Blizzard." It centers about New York's greatest snowstorm, in March, 1888. My dad was marooned in that storm in drifts that grew two feet higher every time he told the story. . . . Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers will get another dual selection in October: "Paris Underground," by Etta Shiber (Scribner's), a story of two brave women who helped smuggle stranded British soldiers out of France, and "c/o Postmaster," by Corp. Thomas R. St. George (Crowell), a not-too-serious account of American forces in Australia. . . . It always pleases me when the B.O.M.C.'s wand pours gold



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"Go ahead, read, educate yourself. Maybe by morning you'll be worth talking to!"

into the lap of a hitherto unknown author. Established luminaries don't need it so much. . . .

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has completed what he declares to be the last book he will ever write. It embodies his philosophy about himself and the world in general; reports from England indicate that some of it is up to his highest standard, but that it could stand considerable blue-pencilling. The last editor who tried to blue-pencil G.B.S. can be visited only on Tuesdays between two and four. New tome is scheduled for publication in England late this fall; will probably headline the Dodd, Mead list in Spring, 1944. . . . When John Steinbeck completes his current series of articles on England, he will move on to Sweden, where his play, "The Moon Is Down," is the greatest dramatic sensation since "Green Pastures." . . . A manuscript going the rounds in search of a publisher describes the four ice ages in the history of the universe. The author declares that, although we are still emerging from the fourth of these inexplicable phenomena, there is every possibility that a fifth one will one day sweep away civilization as we know it. This reminded me of the story of the lecturer who told his audience that the world would probably end in seven billion years. "How long did you say?" came a terrified voice from the rear. "Seven billion years," the lecturer repeated firmly. "Thank God!" said the voice. "I thought for a moment you had said seven million!" . . . .

TROUBLE BREWED in San Francisco's Chinatown recently, and one Hop Sung Lee was marked for liquidation. The bullet unfortunately clipped an innocent bystander, Willie Lei. The following morning Willie's widow received a note: "Please excuse. Mere slip of tong!" . . . . Burnett Hershey tells the story of an American troop train that puffed into a little English village during maneuvers. When the train came to a standstill, a Harvard lieutenant alighted, and saluted an English major smartly. "What are your orders, sir?" he asked. "Get your men off the train, and march them into those trucks," said the major. The lieutenant saluted again, about faced sharply, took a whistle from his pocket, blew a shrill blast—and the train went off. . . . A colored lad in our shipping room complained of the trouble he was having with local truckmen. "Make the best of it," I counseled. "You'll have to expect that sort of thing for the duration," "Yessuh," he answered dubiously. "But I got an idea dis heah duration is gonna last longer dan de war!" . . . . A sailor from a torpedoed vessel was washed ashore on a Pacific islet. When he came to, a luscious maiden, adorned in one or two hibiscus blossoms, was gazing fondly down at him. "Sailor boy," she murmured, "I've got something for you that you've been dreaming about for months!" The sailor gazed at her in astonishment. 'Now how in heck," he wondered, "did you get an ice cold bottle of beer onto this island!"

BENNETT CERF.

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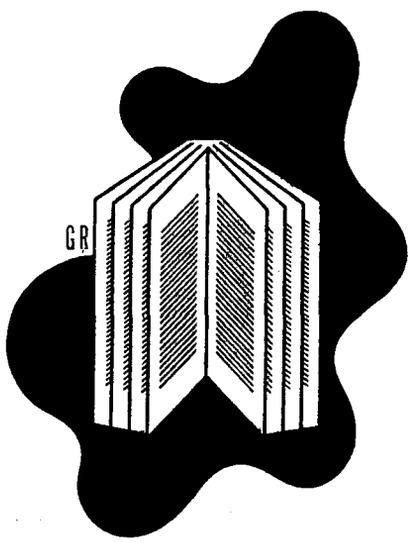
Building a Home Basic Reference Library

AMY LOVEMAN

A HOME reference library is as individual and variable a thing as a wardrobe. It must fit the needs of the person who assembles it, must suit the color of his mind and afford range enough to meet unexpected contingencies. As its owner is a scientist or a lawyer or a physician, a follower of the arts, an educator or a parent it will show the bent of his interest in the presence or preponderance of certain types of books over others. But there are certain basic volumes which any home of culture will find the capstone of its intellectual needs and it is with these works and not with the innumerable others into which a reference library can be expanded that the following suggestions have to do.

The sine qua non of any reference library is, of course, a dictionary, and for general purposes the most satisfactory one-volume reference work is Webster's "New International Dictionary of the English Language" (Merriam). This is generally accepted as the ultimate authority in America, and for the average home will meet all needs. If, however, purse and shelf room are expansive enough, there are two extensive works which would lend lustre to any collection, the great Oxford English Dictionary (Oxford University Press), edited in large part by Sir James Murray who died before he could complete his labors on it, and "A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles" (University of Chicago Press), edited by Sir William A. Craigie, the latest volume of which has just appeared. The Oxford Dictionary was designed as a supplement to other dictionaries, and its innumerable entries are arranged to show the earliest and latest use of a word or phrase. It is a magnificent work with offshoots in shorter Oxford dictionaries. Of these "The Concise Oxford Dictionary" (which must be discounted, however, for American use since its spellings follow the English form), Webster's "Collegiate Dictionary," or the excellent "Winston Dictionary" (encyclopedic edition) could well be added to the home reference library.

First cousins to the dictionaries are the books about words. Of these three are outstanding: Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases" (Longmans, Green and others), beloved of speech writers and poets who find in it the road to diversified expression, Wilstach's "Dictionary of Similes (Little, Brown), and that pearl of reference books, Fowler's "A Handbook of Modern English Usage" (Oxford University Press), which is at once a paragon of learning and a fountain-head of wit. If anyone wants to discover how a strictly utilitarian definition can be clothed in grace, let him look up the "split infinitive" or "malapropism" in this book. Every reference library should contain also and of course good dictionaries of foreign languages. Next to the dictionary the most essential element of a home reference library is an encyclopedia. Probably if a poll were taken of the reading public the Encyclopaedia Britannica would win first place as the most desirable work in the field notwithstanding the fact that for Americans "The New International Encyclopaedia" (Funk & Wagnalls) is in some ways preferable. The allotment of space to American persons and places in the latter, its inclusion of lesser American figures and localities, its articles on matters of specifically American bearing give it advantage over the former for use in this country. The Britannica, however, has the enormous prestige acquired in the



days of its greatness and still retains some of the claims to preëminence established then by its articles on science, political affairs, history, and literature. Either of these compendiums, however, constitutes a useful reference library in itself. To them may be added or, in case it is necessary to substitute a one-volume work for the more extensive and expensive ones, in their place may be chosen "The Columbia Encyclopedia" (Columbia University Press), the best one-volume work available. This is in the nature of a "first-aid" book, as its publishers call it, and, though it cannot satisfy those who wish detail on a subject, will be found of high usefulness. (Incidentally, anyone who possesses an antiquated work, like Appleton's "American Encyclopaedia," long since discontinued, will be delighted to find how valuable an adjunct such a set proves to the reference shelves. Personalities, places, theories, movements, now forgotten or of little significance, are to be found treated at the length which their importance to their own day justified. The reader of historical fiction as well as the student of fact will find in it again and again enlightenment on allusions on which an up-to-date encyclopedia sheds little illumination.)

The average home library generally stops short with such encyclopedias as the foregoing. It is blest indeed if it can add to them "The Dictionary of American Biography" (Scribner's), just being republished in a cheaper edition, a pantheon of the illustrious dead of America. This is an admirable work, covering a wide range and in every instance representing exhaustive research on the part of the great number of persons to whom were assigned its various entries. Its many volumes, however, put it even in its new less expensive form beyond the range of the lean purse. With these general works should go more special ones, Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities" (American Book Co.) and his "Dictionary of the Bible" (Appleton-Century), and Bulfinch's "The Age of Fable" (Modern Library Giant), with which might

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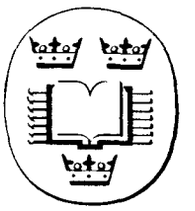

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well be placed the delightful "Mythology" (Little, Brown), by Edith Hamilton.

The usefulness of the home reference library will be greatly enhanced by the addition of a group of books indispensable in certain fields. These are:

"Who's Who in America" (Marquis), "Who's Who in England" (Macmillan), "The Statesman's Year Book" (Macmillan), containing information on all the governments of the world but especially full on the British Empire, and "The World Almanac" (*World-Telegram*). This last is a very gem among statistical reference books—no home should be without it. An atlas (Hammond or Rand, McNally) is also an essential, as is a good gazetteer. The best and most comprehensive of the latter books is Lippincott's "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," unfortunately now out-of-date, while an excellent short one is Chambers's "Concise Gazetteer of the World" (Lippincott).

Next in the reference library come those books which are catch-alls of diversified information,—Brewer's "Reader's Handbook" (Lippincott), containing listings on literary allusions, characters, plots, and a varied array of facts; the same author's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" (Altemus) which gives the derivation and source of familiar phrases, allusions, and expressions; and Brand's "Observations on Popular Antiquities" (Altemus), illustrating the origin of vulgar customs, ceremonies, and superstitions.

No library, reference or otherwise, can be complete of course without a Bible and a Shakespeare and the good one should contain in addition to these works Alexander Cruden's "A Complete Concordance to the Old and New Testaments" (Winston). Highly useful are the "Oxford Companion to English Literature" (Oxford University Press), "Twentieth Century Authors" and "British Authors of the Nineteenth Century" (Wilson), by Kunitz and Haycraft. Beyond the reach of many, but definitive works, of course, are the Cambridge Histories of American and English literature. Anthologies and quotation books, it goes without saying, are an essential part of the reference library; their name is legion but the shelves will be well equipped of they contain Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" (Holt), "The Oxford Book of English Verse" (Oxford University Press), Louis Untermeyer's "Modern American and British Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace), "The Oxford Anthology of American Literature," edited by W. R. Benét and Norman R. Pearson, Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" (Little, Brown), Stevenson's "The Home Book of Quotations" (Dodd, Mead), and, though it is less well arranged for reference purposes, H. L. Mencken's "A New Dictionary of Quotations" (Knopf).

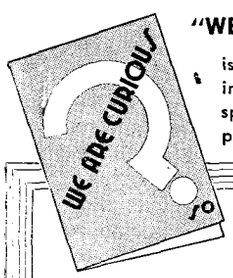
—*Colophon, Middlebury College Press.*

Though the encyclopedias cover history and biography more broadly than any other work can do, there are certain general histories which ought to have place on the reference shelf, Morison and Commager's "The Growth of the American Republic" (Oxford University Press), James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribner's), Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan), Mark Sullivan's "Our Times" (Scribner's), Frederick Lewis Allen's "Only Yesterday" and "Since Yesterday" (Harper's), Carlton J. H. Hayes's "A Political and Cultural History of Modern Times," and Rostovtsev's "History of the Ancient World," Bryce's "American Commonwealth," Ploetz's "Manual of Universal History," Putzgers's or Shepherd's historical atlas, and "An Atlas of American History" (Scribner's), edited by James Truslow Adams and others. The foregoing books are merely suggestions to serve as nucleus for a modest library; they could be extended indefinitely and the reference shelves enormously enhanced by the addition of such longer works as some of the classic histories like Macaulay's, Gibbon's, Green's, or such later studies as those on America by Oberholtzer or Rhodes. A work such as "A Guide to Historical Literature" (Macmillan), with its lists of books for all lands and periods, is a highly useful adjunct to the shelves.

Finally there might be added to the library a miscellaneous group of works, —Robert J. Harvey-Gibson's "Ten Thousand Years of Science" (Macmillan), Elie Faure's "History of Art" (Harper's) and Salomon Reinach's "Apollo" (Scribner's), Weber's "History of Philosophy" (Scribner's), and so ad infinitum. And of all books there are none more useful for reference than Baedeker's Guides. There's a German to whom every country of the world ought to erect monuments.

Children's Books

Children when they reach the high school age will probably pretty generally turn to adult reference books for help. There are, however, several compendiums prepared specially for them which will prove of assistance and interest to youngsters before and



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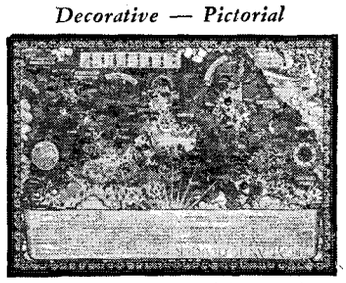

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in their teens. There is, of course, "The Book of Knowledge" (Grolier Society) which has had such a spectacular history of success even though it was originally prepared for the British market and is still strongly British in emphasis. One of the best of the encyclopedias for children is "The World Book: Organized Knowledge in Story and Picture" (Quarrie), which is arranged as are adult works of the sort. Compton's "Pictured Encyclopedia" (Compton) is a similar work. Champlin's "New Young Folks Encyclopedia" (Holt), which has a long and honorable history, is now issued in volumes each of which segregate information in a particular field. There are several good dictionaries for children, outstanding among which are "A Dictionary for Boys and Girls—Webster's Elementary Dictionary" (American Book Co.), Thorndike's "Century Junior Dictionary" and "Century Senior Dictionary" (Scott-Foresman), and the "New Winston Simplified Dictionary for Young People" (Winston).

Quick Reference

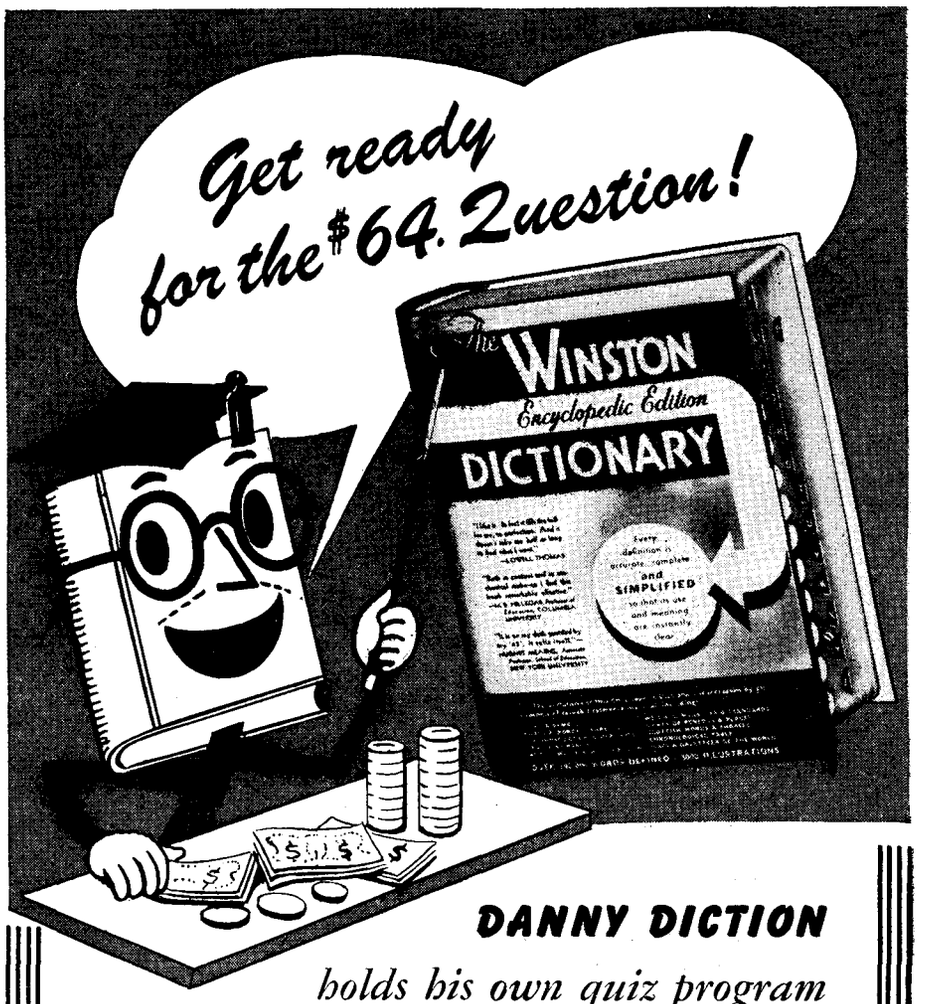
FACTS ON FILE YEARBOOK, 1942. PERSONS'S INDEX OF WORLD EVENTS, VOULME 2. Edited by R. L. Lapica. New York: Persons's Index, Facts on File, Inc. 420 *pp. and* 74 *pp. of index. Subscription* $20 *a year.*

THE second volume of this compilation performs an invaluable service for anyone who wants or needs to refer to world events for accurate information. As Hendrik van Loon, who represents history on its editorial board, says in his preface. it answers the questions, "when exactly did that happen and why did it happen and where." It serves as a card catalogue to everything of importance that occurred in world news during the fateful months of 1942.

There is a weekly grouping of events, under the headings of war, national affairs, foreign affairs, Latin America, finance and economics, arts and science, education and religion, and sports.

The index to these 420 pages of facts is imaginatively compiled, and with the reader's curiosity in mind, and as a result is easy to use. The reader, occasionally, has to look in more than one place for an entry. The Commando raid on the Lofoten Islands, for instance, is indexed under Lofoten and Great Britain, and not under Commandos. But Dr. Persons and his associates seem to have solved this difficult problem of cross indexing as well as is humanly possible.

H. F.



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The War of the Maps

A Famous Cartographer Surveys the Field

RICHARD EDES HARRISON

AMERICAN geography and cartography are exhibiting growing pains. They are emerging not from infancy but from a static condition bordering on senility.

Geography and maps are lumped together because they are vitally related, and a resurgence of geography is inevitably accompanied by a resurgence of cartography. It is a long time since the twin subjects have enjoyed a comparable golden age of growth.

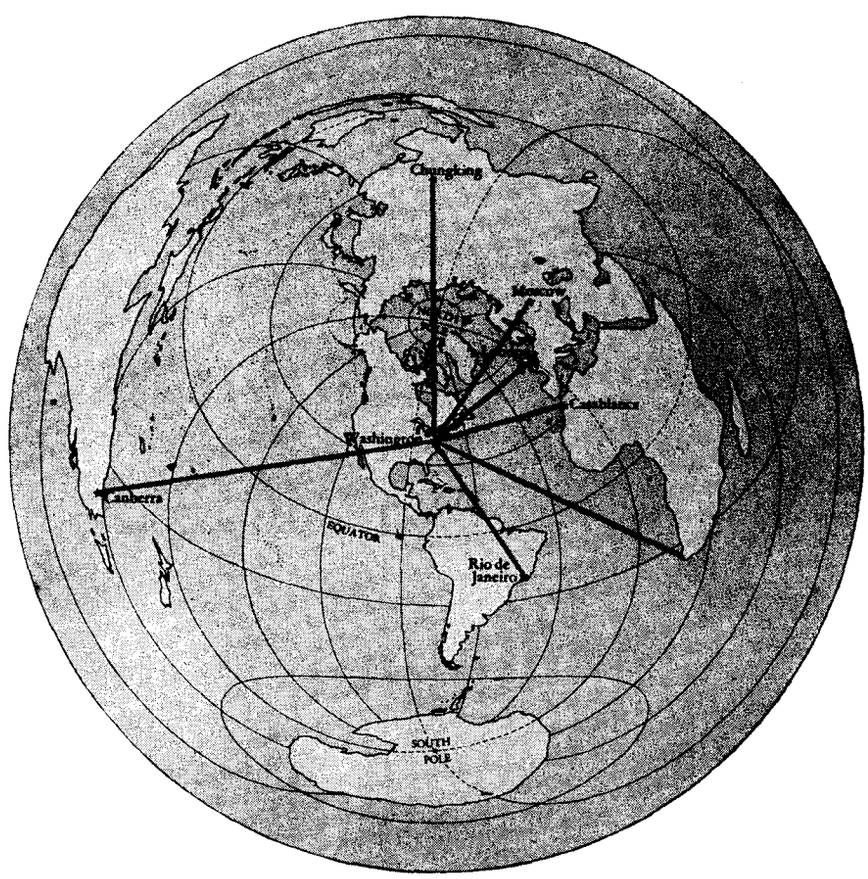
Under the impact of war, however, there has been some rushing in the wrong direction. Proponents of the "Air Age," for example, are completely sour on Mercator and seek to teach geography by substituting for it a North Pole-centered map. Now the first lesson in cartography is that all maps are distorted—maps of the entire world most of all. The answer is not to supplant one projection with another but to teach awareness of the limitations of maps and encourage a more flexible use of appropriate projections. Unfortunately, the "Air Age" group is the most articulate and in spite of its recent appearance has done a lot of damage. Its language is extravagant and illogical; it is so eager to rush into print that its facts are frequently garbled, and most important of all it has betrayed a lack of understanding of the nature of maps.

To demonstrate this, a beautiful example can be found in the June issue of *The American Magazine*. In an article entitled, "How to Win in the Pacific," Professor George T. Renner of Teachers College (he is referred to as a geographer, a geopolitician, and a geo-strategist!), essays to show that the North-Polar-centered azimuthal equidistant projection is better for Pacific strategy than the Mercator projection. It should be obvious to the intelligent layman even from Geo-Renner's own illustration that this is not so. If the Pacific war were being fought exclusively in the Alaskan area, the Polar map would be the better but certainly not the best. The war is being fought from 60° North to 20° South of the Equator and obviously a map (Mercator) whose center of accuracy is twenty degrees from the center of operations is better than one (Polar) whose center of accuracy is seventy degrees from the center. The truth is that the Pacific is such a huge portion of the earth's spherical surface that a single flat map of it is bound to be misleading, especially around its periphery. If one were limited to one map of the Pacific war area, the best would probably be an azimuthal equidistant projection centered in the general vicinity of Wake Island.

The layman could not be expected to know this from any popular treatise on maps published in this country, for up to a year ago such did not exist. The two good books that we do have, Deetz & Adams's "Elements of Map Projection" and Raisz's "General Cartography," again are addressed more to the student or specialist. In England and Germany there are numerous handbooks of cartography written especially for the layman. In the last year or so a number of attempts to fill this aching void have appeared as books or articles. Most of them are unsatisfactory in one way or another, and are unsuccessful in explaining the tricky subjects of maps. Even the ones written by professional men betray their lack of precise knowledge of projections and their practical application. For example, a professor of geography in an article in *The New York Times Magazine* offers a classification of map projections which actually was made up of fragments from three different methods of classification. The title of the article was "Maps are Liars"! The first popular treatise on the scene which appeared in *Life Magazine* just a year ago still remains the best, and this was written by a member of the staff who had little previous knowledge of the subject!

There is every indication that soon we will catch up with the needs of the times and will have available excellent books on geography and cartography for student and layman alike. But I am afraid that most of the war will be fought before this is fully realized.

And what of the maps themselves?



—*Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation*

Azimuthal equidistant projection, centered on Washington, D. C. This map is an example of a projection designed to answer a particular problem precisely and directly. It shows the distance and the true great circle from any point of the world to Washington, its center. This kind of map can be centered anywhere on the globe. If these lines were to be transferred to other projections such as Mercator or a North Pole-centered map, the great circle routes would display astonishing curves and could not be directly scaled.

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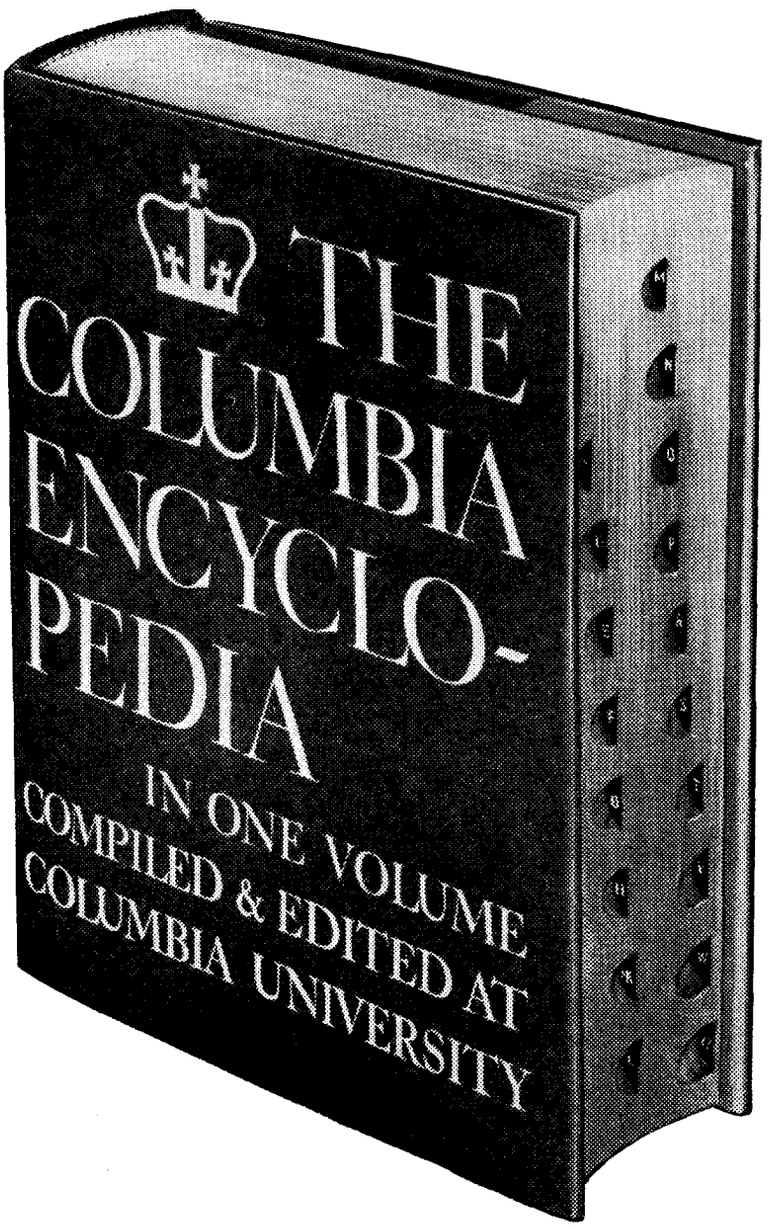
Who makes them, for whom, and how good are they? These are important questions, for maps are the chief tool of the geographer and layman alike in visualizing the geography of World War II. Maps in this country are produced by three broad groups: public institutions, commercial map companies, and the newspaper and magazine publishers. Most important are the Government agencies and a few quasi-public institutions like the National Geographic Society and the American Geographical Society. The Government maps have often been of a very high order and these agencies provide the bulk of the source material for American mapping, but their field is limited by tradition to maps for use by the Army and Navy engineers, geologists, geographers, etc. Any attempt to make maps especially for the public is met by howls from the commercial map houses that free enterprise is being encroached upon. So the Government does not produce atlases, for example, although the American standard of atlases is shamefully low.

The two geographical institutions have produced fine maps in their own chosen fields. The National has specialized in an excellent series of continental maps which are useful alike to the layman and the general. The American Geographical Society has produced a magnificent series on Latin America. Unfortunately, the Society has been content to remain in the field of meticulous and scientific maps, and has largely neglected the public which deserves authoritative maps and their elucidation. This also will probably have to wait until peace comes because of the pressure of war work. Many of the huge gaps in public mapping are being filled by greatly expanded Government agencies, but their products are almost entirely unavailable to the public.

I wish I could speak kindly of the maps and atlases of the commercial map companies, but the sad fact is their best work is not in this field but in the manufacture of globes. This, of course, is no mean contribution since the globe is without distortion (being a scale model of the earth) and contains all the answers to global questions. They are available in a variety of sizes but become extremely expensive in diameters over eighteen inches. A globe is practically mandatory for studying strategy and for this purpose even a small one will do; however, a very large globe cannot be detailed enough for studying war tactics. Most of the globe producers have recently improved the usefulness of globes by eliminating the fixed axis in favor of a universal free movement base. A great circle and distance finder are now included in



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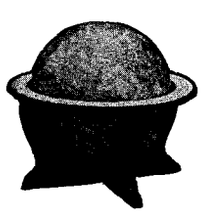

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some models. The poor quality of their maps and atlases is partly accounted for by the heavy cost of making new plates. This is the reason generally advanced; but equally potent, I believe, is the unwillingness to abandon a sure-seller for something new.

Some of the blame must be assumed by the geographic profession, for most of the major companies have prominent professors advising them. Either the academicians are likewise satisfied with tried and true methods, or they have failed in persuading the companies to revise their methods. The general yeasting in the map world has, however, affected their publications somewhat. The Polar equidistant projection is now commonplace, having lain dormant for 250 years. The water was evidently pretty chilly in this first big dip, for it has not been followed up by any other "experiments."

With the third group of map producers, the journalists, maps are only incidental to their main business of publishing news and pure reading matter. A great many editors have long correctly diagnosed the public's desire for maps and frequently have been far ahead of the other groups in satisfying it. The quality ranges from the infantile to the magnificent, but the most important thing is that there has existed for nearly a decade a willingness to experiment. The instincts of the editors (most of whom share the general ignorance concerning the construction and properties of maps) were correct when they sensed the need for something radically different. Perhaps a good deal of credit should go to the cartoonists and advertisers who have long used the globe with great freedom. Newspaper and magazine maps are hardly ever drawn by men who are cartographers in the sense of their having been trained as such. They are apt to be commercial artists or reformed architects. In the magazines especially, their freedom from cartographic traditions has paid dividends. In spite of many naive mistakes, they have borne the burden of making the public conscious of global geography. In the last three years newspaper maps have gained enormously in precision and are beginning to make intelligent use of projections. It is among the weekly and monthly magazines, however, that the greatest assault upon tradition has been made. The leaders in this field have been the Luce publications, *Newsweek* and *Collier's*. Mostly it has not been a matter of inventing new projections, but simply using old but highly pertinent ones which had been gathering dust for centuries. The Polar azimuthal equidistant, for example, was invented 59 years before Mercator and was neglected as a world map since 1700 until *Fortune* revived it two years ago. Perspective maps are as old as the free balloon but have enjoyed a great renaissance in the last few years. The professionals are now beginning to be aware of the neglected treasures on the shelf but they are mighty slow in dusting them off.

General Reference Lists

JOHN K. KNIGHT. "Geography and the Study of Foreign Affairs," Foreign Affairs, Oct., 1938. Very comprehensive on maps, periodicals, atlases, etc.
WALTER RISTOW. "Maps, How to Make Them and Read Them," bulletin of the N. Y. Public Library, June, 1943. Excellent bibliography of up-to-date map literature.
ERWIN RAISZ. "General Cartography," McGraw-Hill, chapter XVIII. Important topographic maps of the world.

General Works on Cartography

ARTHUR R. HINKS. "Maps and Surveys," 4th edition, Cambridge, 1942.
WALTER W. JERVIS. "The World in Maps," Geo. Phillip & Son, London, 1936.
ERWIN RAISZ. "General Cartography," McGraw-Hill, 1938.

CHAS. H. DEETZ. "Cartography," U. S. Dept. of Commerce, Special Publication No. 205, Washington, D. C., 1935 (paper).
HENRY B. LENT & RICHARD EDES HARRISON. "Maps and How to Understand Them," Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., July, 1943 (paper). Not comprehensive but a good start in understanding the limitations of maps.

Popular Articles and Books on Maps

LIFE Magazine "Maps,—Global War Teaches Global Geography," Aug. 3, 1943.
HANS W. WEIGERT. "Maps Are Weapons," Survey Graphic, Oct., 1941.
WALTER RISTOW. "Maps for Global War," Library Journal, Apr. 15, 1943.
RICHARD EDES HARRISON & ROBERT STRAUSZ-HUPÉ. "Maps, Strategy and World Politics," Infantry Journal, Nov., 1942.
ANON. "Mapping the Global War," Consumer Reports of the Consumers' Union, Nov. 28, 1942. Good buying guide.

Map Projections

CHAS. H. DEETZ & OSCAR S. ADAMS. "Elements of Map Projection," Dept. of Commerce, Coast & Geodetic Survey, Special Publication No. 68, Washington, D. C., 1934. Rather technical but the standard U. S. work.
WM. GARNET. "A Little Book on Map Projection," Geo. Phillip & Son, London, 1924. Difficult to obtain.
ARTHUR R. HINKS. "Map Projections," The University Press, Cambridge, England, 1921. Authoritative but out of print (a new edition is said to be in preparation).
HUBERT A. BAUER. "Globes, Maps, and Skyways," Air Age Series, Macmillan, 1942. In spite of its modern approach can only be recommended with reservations since they are pretty serious errors in it.
(See also RAISZ *and* LIFE Magazine above).

Globes

These can be purchased from commercial map houses in their retail stores

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or in the big department stores. Be sure to get one with a universal mount and a great circle scale.

Atlases

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, Edinburgh [Publisher]. "The Oxford Atlas." Well-printed, surprisingly cheap, traditional style topographic atlas.

RAND, MCNALLY, Chicago [Publisher]. "Universal Atlas" (the Goode School Atlas). The best of domestic atlases.

C. S. HAMMOND & Co., New York [Publisher]. "Encyclopaedia Britannica World Atlas." Excellently printed but traditional in style.

"Atlas for the U. S. Citizen," supplement to FORTUNE. Sept., 1940. 16 pp., paper. Not a reference atlas but an effective attempt to shape the traditional attitude toward maps. Will be the nucleus of a more ambitious atlas for fall publication.

In the last year or so, many inexpensive atlases (usually with the word "global" in the title) have appeared. None of these is recommended as they miss the boat in one way or another. The best I have seen was produced by Wide World as syndicated boiler plate for newspapers and used the globe and perspective effectively. However, there are at least three "global" atlases being prepared for fall publication which promise better things. The publishers (none of whom are map publishers) and the titles have not yet been announced, but watch for them.

Maps

Since there are myriads of maps for many different purposes, it is hopeless even to make a selection. Consult the first four references in this list. The National Geographic Society's continental maps mentioned in the text might be mentioned again as the best general layman's series of maps. Wall maps, many of them good, are published by the big map houses, Rand McNally, Weber Costello, Nystrom, and Denoyer-Geppert. These are mainly for school use.

The Reference Arsenal

The New York Public Library Has a Military Value

JOHN SEXTON FRASER

THE New York Public Library has been up to its neck in the war for a long, long while. It went into action before Pearl Harbor, to the best recollection of Robert W. Henderson, in charge of book stacks, when it lent the Canadian government its copy of the Berlin classified telephone directory. From this seemingly innocuous book R.C.A.F. commanders easily determined the location of the German capital's business and manufacturing centers. Newspaper headlines have proved the directory was put to good use.

The library has always maintained an up-to-date file of telephone books for the world's important cities. When the War Department was planning the North African campaign, it borrowed directories of that area. Most of these have been returned, and today you can check telephone numbers and addresses in Casablanca, Port Lyautey, Rabat—or, if you choose, Dar Bel-Amir and Dar Caid.

When asked for Sicilian directories, however, Mr. Henderson, a close-mouthed Scot, replied merely: "Thurr still in use."

Should the War Department be interested, telephone books for Poland, Rumania, Singapore, Spain, Sweden, and Syria, to name a few, are also on the shelves.

Mr. Henderson's department has performed myriad services. The navigator of a bomber, for example, must know the geodetic, or astronomical, as well as the geographical position of his objective. Much of this essential data was found in the stacks and, strangely enough, not in recent publications. A 100-year-old French military survey contained invaluable information of this sort for Mediterranean regions. Here is a case of an old book serving a modern purpose—far beyond the range of the author's intent.

You could hardly wish for a better map of Algeria than the one to be found in an obscure volume, "The Roman African Army and the Military Occupation under the Emperors" (title translated from the French), published in Paris in 1892. It indicates Oran, together with its Latin name, "Castra Puerorum," and Bone, known to the Romans as "Hippo Regius." All travel books with pictures of ports and harbors are useful of course.

Other departments have done their share toward winning the war. For years Rollin A. Sawyer, chief of the library's economics division, has been busy collecting the annual reports, official gazettes, journals, and blue books of colonial administrations. Until recently his colleagues mildly criticized his efforts in the belief that the space such papers filled might better be occupied by documents asked for more than once every five or six years. Today, however, such publications as "The Official Gazette of Timor" and the "Fiji Official Gazette" are in constant use.

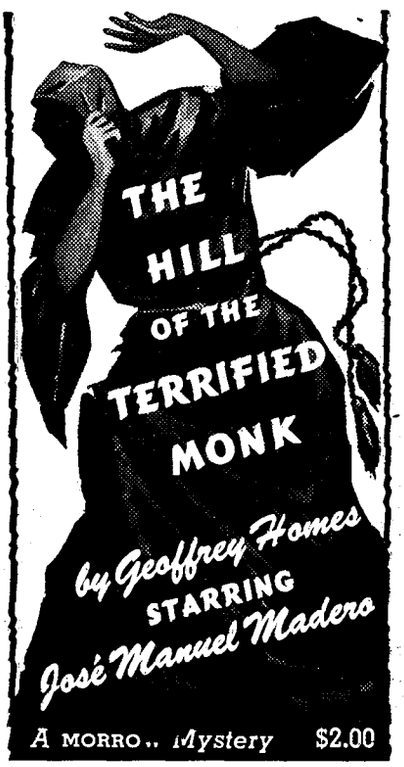
One day Mr. Sawyer noticed a puzzled naval lieutenant fumbling through reference cards. He asked if he could be of any help.

The lieutenant reddened. "I don't think so," he said. "Believe it or not, I'm looking for something about the laws of Tonga."

Five minutes later he was happily thumbing a 713-page revised edition of "The Laws of the Kingdom of Tonga"—not exactly one of the world's better known works.

Mr. Sawyer also took care of a request for information on sanitary conditions in New Caledonia and New Hebrides.

From just such reports, containing census figures, vital statistics, ordinances, and news of commerce and trade, it is possible to learn about



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the culture, customs, and living conditions of these far away places.

Early in the war, a group of colonels descended upon the library, imbued with curiosity about the condition of roads and railroads in Northeast India, between Burma and China. Shortly after their visit it was announced that American troops were stationed in the region.

The Corps of Engineers, the Intelligence branches of the Army and Navy, and the Army Map Service are only some of the military units to make extensive use of the library's excellent map division. It has furnished the War Department with its complete set of maps of Japan. These, drawn to a scale of 3.2 miles to the inch, have been photostated and returned.

Even more valuable as a source of pictorial data and information for both military and civilian agencies is the immense picture collection. It is used to explain the enemy—his customs, habits, how he eats and sleeps. When the Army is moving into new areas of combat, it provides air views of roads, railroad terminals, pictures of native dwellings and of the natives themselves. It helps to train soldiers, to build civilian morale at home, and to propagandize abroad.

Artists working on camouflage problems have found the collection essential. When they know how a factory looks from the air, they also know how to conceal it or alter its shape. The photographic section of the Signal Corps has used the collection repeatedly in producing its training films. It has requested photographs of Japanese helmets, German armored cars, snipers' boots, etc.

Requests for material on Japan represent no problem. Some months before Pearl Harbor the New York Travel Bureau of Japan donated its collection of more than 1,000 photographs to the library. These were turned over to the Army Air Force in January, 1942, for filming and enlargement. In the Army's own words, they have been of "inestimable value."

Ramona Javitz, superintendent of the picture collection, sometimes speculates idly upon the reasons behind requests for specific photographs. And, odd though they may seem at first, the reasons are usually good.

One army camp requested pictures of "a corny cottage surrounded with roses." The soldiers wanted to build a backdrop for a camp show. A corporal wrote in for a photograph of "a black panther with his mouth open snarling." He used it to design the insignia of a bomber squadron. A request for a snapshot of a frying pan puzzled Miss Javitz until it turned up in an animated cartoon demonstrating the importance of saving fats.

The Bibliographical Mine

The Compleat Collector Looks at the Booklists

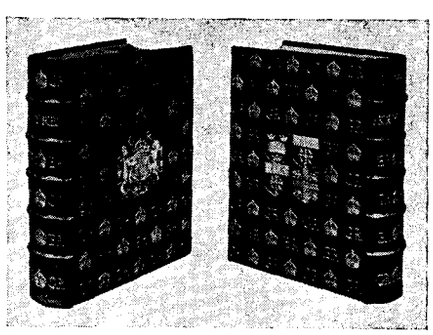
CARL P. ROLLINS

BIBLIOGRAPHIES are caviar to the general, but to scholars they contain all the vitamins. To printers they present a challenge and an opportunity not always adequately met. Since bibliography is still more an art than a science, there are some canons of good taste—simple rules of type arrangement—which apply to such printing. The catalogue of the John Carter Brown Library is a classic example of good printing of bibliographies; but it is not the only example one could cite. The following books of recent publication evidence an appreciation, on the part of several different printers, of how bibliographical material may be presented in good form.

THE INVENTION OF PRINTING, A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By Douglas C. McMurtrie. Chicago: Chicago Club of Printing House Craftsmen. 1942. 8½ *x* 10¾ *inches. xxiv* + 413 *pp.,* 3,200 + *entries. Paper covers.*

Scope: This is a most important list, the first of any consequence since 1886, when the "Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckkunst" and the final volume of Bigmore & Wyman appeared. It fails of the bibliographical completeness in description of those works, being, like most of those in this list, rather a checklist, but its importance is due to the fact that it brings down to date the writings on the invention of printing inclusive of the past half century. It covers, to be sure, only the writings on the invention, but a great deal has been learned and surmised in that period, and the indispensable publications of the Gutenberg-Gesellschaft, the beginning of the monumental "Gesamtkatalog," the contributions of Robert Procter, and the publication of the texts of the Gutenberg documents (to name only a few major instances) have all appeared since 1886.

Mr. McMurtrie's contribution began as a W.P.A. project, and its present publication is a result of the coöperation of several institutions and groups. It forms but a part of an ambitious scheme for a complete bibliography of printing, and one may hope that, as soon as conditions make it possible, the whole work will be published. It is a most necessary and important contribution to the literature of printing, and the present portion is a hopeful omen.



Comment: This is a book printed lithographically from typewritten copy. Being typed in one broad column, the work lacks compactness, but does not lack clarity. It would have been improved by setting the authors' names in capitals, and by indenting all lines after the first in each entry. The serial numbers are placed at the end of each entry. A valuable feature is the indication by a system of abbreviations of the location of copies of the more important works. There is an introduction by Mr. McMurtrie giving an account of the inception and progress of the work, and of the plan adopted. There is an author index.

BIBLIOGRAPHIA PRIMATOLOGICA, A CLASSIFIED BIBLIOGRAPHY OF PRIMATES OTHER THAN MAN. By Theodore C. Ruch. Yale Medical Library, Pub. No. 4 *of the Historical Library. Springfield and Baltimore, Thomas,* 1941. 7¾ *x* 11 *inches. xxviii* + 241 *pp.* 4,000 + *entries. Cloth, gold stamped.*

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AVIATION MEDICINE. By E. C. Hoff and J. F. Fulton. Yale Medical Library, Pub. No. 5 *of the Historical Library. Springfield and Baltimore, Thomas,* 1942. 7¾ *x* 11 *inches. xvi* + 237 *pp. c.* 5,800 *entries. Cloth, gold stamped.*

Scope: Both of these volumes, the first to be published from the new library at the Yale Medical School, are fully equipped with accessory lists, indexes, and historical introductions, making for a completeness not often found in such compilations. The material is completely subdivided under subject headings.

Comment: Each entry is numbered before the author's name: in view of

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the minute division of the lists in subjects, it might have been better to carry the serial number to the end of the entry—but opinions will differ on this point. The author's names are in bold face type, which makes for quick reference. What I like to regard as a cardinal rule in the printing of bibliographies is honored in the breach: the first line of each entry, instead of protruding slightly, is indented. Topical and index running heads add to the usefulness of the books. The arrangement is reasonably compact. There are adequate indexes.

GUIDE TO THE MANUSCRIPT COLLECTIONS IN THE WILLIAM L. CLEMENTS LIBRARY. Compiled by Howard H. Peckham. Ann Arbor: Univ. of Michigan Press. 1942. 7½ *x* 10¾ *inches. xvi* + 403 *pp.*

Scope: The manuscript collections in the William L. Clements Library have to do with the period of the American Revolution—roughly the latter half of the eighteenth century—and the early years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Clements's own collecting in this field was initiated by the purchase in 1921 of the papers of Lord Shelburne, and the idea of gathering the MS material of the British side was continued by the Library and by Mr. Clements.

The present volume is not, as Mr. Adams points out, nor, in the nature of things can it be, a complete guide to all the MSS in the University of Michigan libraries, but it does attempt a fairly complete analysis of the collections in this particular library. One hundred and seventy-two groups of papers are listed, the Shelburne heading covering, for instance, brief notice of the 179 volumes, and including a list of over 1,200 writers of letters and authors of documents. Invaluable appendices give Topical and Chronological List of the Collections, Maps in the Manuscript Collections, Phillipps Manuscripts, and Printed Editions of Clements Library Manuscripts. A hundred page index of names makes the contents of the volume readily accessible, and there are a few apt illustrations.

Comment: From the technical point of view, as an example of satisfactory book making, this volume leaves little or nothing to be desired. It is a well-proportioned quarto book, set in Baskerville type, admirably conceived and executed by Donnelley. All details of manufacture have been scrupulously attended to; type sizes, margins, etc., are in proper scale and relation; it is a first-class, workmanlike volume.

OCEANOGRAPHY OF THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN, BERING SEA, AND BERING STRAIT: A CONTRIBUTION TOWARD A BIBLIOGRAPHY. By Mary C. Grier. Seattle: Univ. of Washington Pubs., Library Series. 1941. 7 *x* 10 *inches. xxiv* + 290 *pp. c.* 3,000 *entries. Paper covers.*

Scope: "Includes important books, magazine articles, and documents upon the oceanography, exclusive of fisheries, of the North Pacific Ocean . . . with the exception of the coast of California."

Comment: Set in single broad column, in a good size of type. Twenty-five per cent of the space could have been advantageously saved by eliminating most of the space between entries. Two adequate indexes, of authors and subjects.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF NORTH AMERICA. By George P. Murdock. Yale Anthropological Studies. Vol. 1. *New Haven: Yale Univ. Press.* 1942. 8½ *x* 10¾ *inches. xvi* + 168 *pp. Map. c.* 10,000 *entries. Paper covers.*

Scope: Lists published books and articles on some two hundred and seventy-five tribal groups on the North American continent; ". . . organized by areas, and within each area by tribal groups arranged in alphabetical order."

Comment: This is in many ways a model volume. The text was typewritten by the Department of Anthropology at Yale, on a typewriter equipped to allow differential spacing. Thus the lines are flush at both sides of the two columns of the page, as in a printed book. The type is small but clear, and the arrangement as compact as possible. It is admirably conceived and executed although some users would prefer to have the authors' names in capitals.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Charles Strickland, in "The Moon and Sixpence," by Somerset Maugham.
2. Mrs. Danvers, in "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier.
3. Sam McGee, in "The Cremation of Sam McGee," by Robert W. Service.
4. Bo-Bo, in "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," by Charles Lamb.
5. Florence Udney Adverse, in "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
6. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
7. "Jim Bludso," by John Hay.
8. Edward Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë.
9. Giacombo Casabianca, in "Casabianca," by Felicia D. Hemans.
10. Brunhilde, in "Die Walküre," by Richard Wagner.

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The Crostics Club

THE Editors suggested that my column this week harmonize with the general topic of the Magazine.

The mere mention of reference books for solving DCs sends armed forces, cap-à-pie, into opposing action! I have said more than once that although I advocate no special method for solving DCs, I did make them in part to enlarge the puzzler's knowledge, presumably in the solving as well as afterward. The need, to me, then, for reference books is obvious.

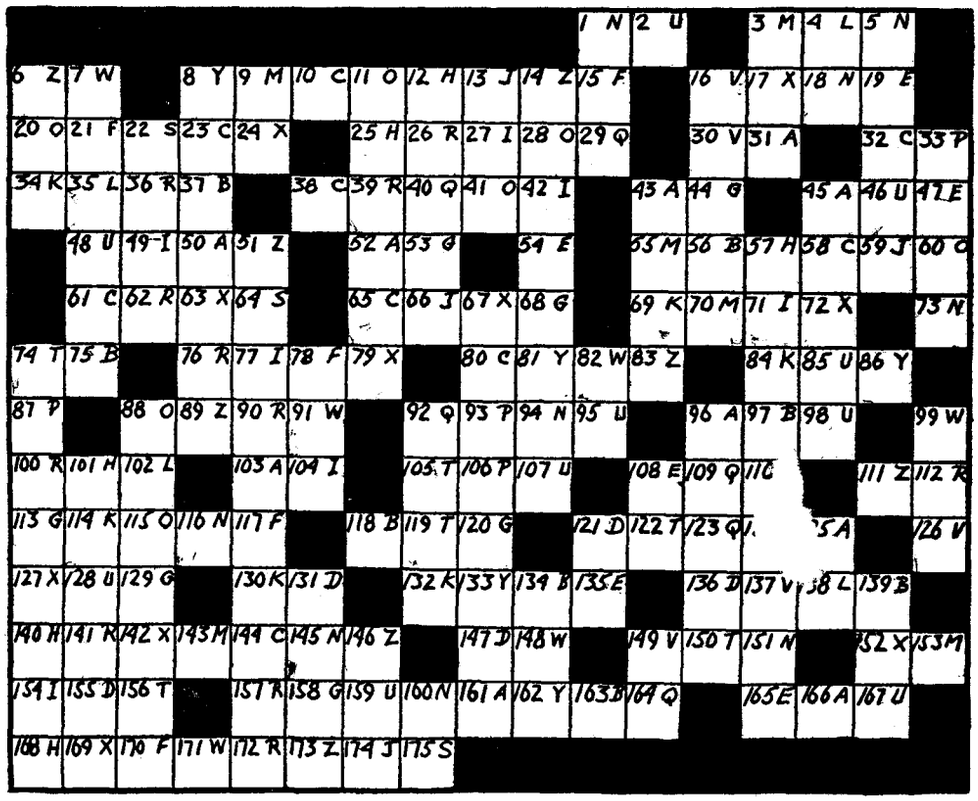
The ideal setting would be a library *walled round with encyclopedias*, general and special, and all the good dictionaries now published. My own setting of a small room in a hotel limits my library to the Oxford Companions to English and to American Literature, a set of Shakespeare, Gayley's "Classic Myths," a Bible with Concordance, some odds and ends of small books rescued from the past and no longer available, and "Webster's New International 1940." Despite its fallibility W.N.I. is my mainstay, not only for its common words, but for its many allusions, literary, Biblical, historical, mythological, and its Latin names for inhabitants of animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms. *Taxus for a tree looks erudite*, but the word in its place gives you *yew*. Could anything be easier to find? Nor must I omit the Gazetteer and Biographical section closely packed with reference facts. Webster's "Dictionary of Synonyms," and "The American Thesaurus of Slang" (Crowell Co.) are supplementary helps.

As M. Lincoln Schuster wrote his article on WQXR as "Radio with a Soul" because he had to tell his love to the world, so I could write of W.N.I. I think it a most amazing work of editing, organization, and knowledge. If I were a Lady Bountiful, I would donate my wealth to a Foundation for furnishing every family with a W.N.I., just as the Gideons provide Bibles for distribution, only for obvious reasons, not so peripatetic. But since I'm not, I do recommend it as a birthday gift if you can raise the price for your family or best friend.

I've not mentioned that old standby, Roget's "Thesaurus," because while it should help you, it doesn't me who need for the Acrostic alphabetically arranged indices. But I have a peculiar affection for that volume, as my present help in time of trouble in Freshman themes when few students possessed such concrete aid.

In the past I have bought more than one short-cut reference book at a low price only to find that some word used from it brought from puzzlers protests too expensive to ignore. So I ignore, instead, such books. Their inaccuracy can be taken for granted.

I salute the makers of good reference books! E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 489

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. In a happy-go-lucky fashion (comp.)

B. Applied to the reckoning of the Julian Calendar (2 wds.)

C. An arm of the German military might.

D. Mother of the Hours and the Fates (Greek Myth.)

E. The Diaspora (Jewish Hist.)

F. To lay or place in surrounding matter.

G. To move through the water faster than (of a vessel).

H. To pertain (With *to*).

I. Surname of Czar of Moussorgsky opera (Webs. sp.)

J. Pertaining to the dawn or the east.

K. A West Indian wild yam (comp.)

L. Pertaining to a grandparent or grandparents.

M. Lady; mistress (India).

N. Ivy-crowned.

O. Barbarous; savage.

P. American novelist, journalist, etc. (1793-1876).

Q. A subterfuge (comp.)

R. Gilbert and Sullivan opera.

S. A single unit.

T. Dwarfish.

U. Social usage often with the force of law.

V. Kind of variegated Japanese pottery (named from place of production).

W. To take to flight (2 wds.)

X. Belgian violinist and composer.

Y. Species of lyric poem invented by Archilochus (longer by shorter verse).

Z. A clearing up or out.

WORDS

166 43 52 125 45 50 103 31 161 96

97 134 75 37 56 118 163 139

144 23 61 10 38 32 65 80 58

110 136 155 121 147 131

108 54 135 47 165 19

170 78 21 15 117

53 120 68 44 113 158 129

57 168 101 25 140 12

42 49 71 77 104 27 154

66 174 59 13

34 84 114 132 130 69

35 138 4 102

55 9 124 70 143 153 3

1 94 151 145 160 73 18 116 5

11 41 88 28 60 20 115

106 93 87 33

123 109 29 40 92 164

172 112 62 100 90 26 36 76 141 39 157

22 175 64

150 105 74 119 122 156

48 46 85 128 98 167 95 159 107 2

137 16 149 126 30

171 82 148 7 91 99

63 17 67 127 169 24 72 142 79 152

133 8 81 86 162

83 173 111 146 89 6 14 31

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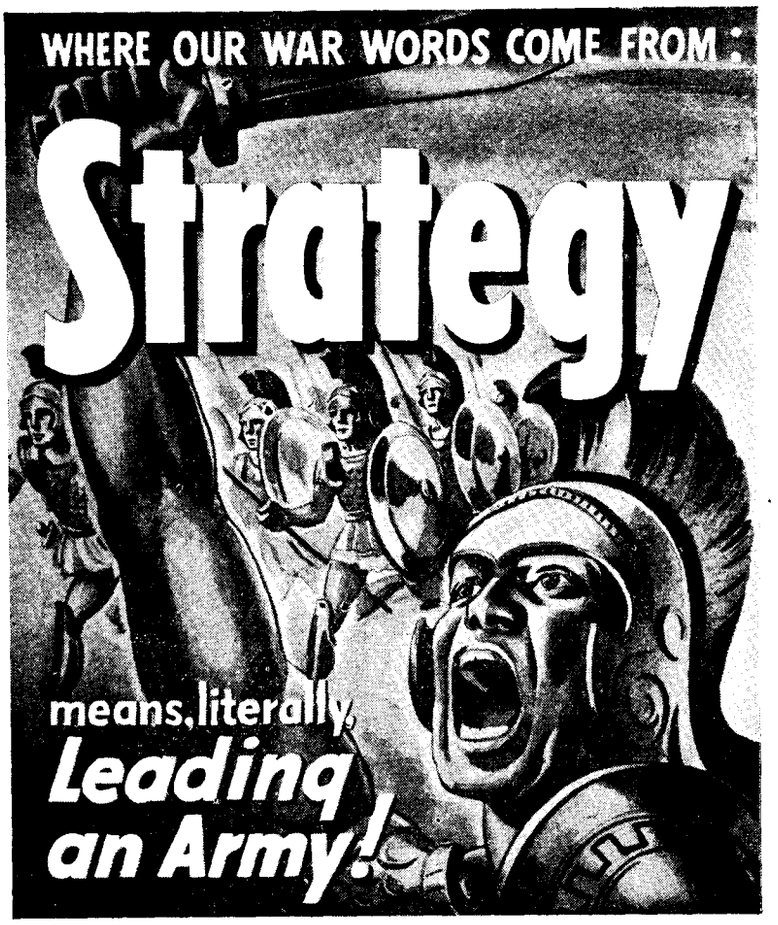

STRATEGY, the science and art of employing a nation's armed forces for victory, comes from the Greek verb *stratēgein,* "to be leader of an army," from *stratēgos,* "a general," which in turn comes from the two words, *stratos,* "army," and *agein,* "to lead." The English *strategem* has the same origin. But modern *strate[gy]* the direction of the whole war theater, r[ather] than personal leadership of troops or ships, [which] is included in *tactics,* the actual disposing [or] maneuvering of troops or ships in battl[e]. *actics* comes from Greek *taktika,* from *tattein,* "to put in order."

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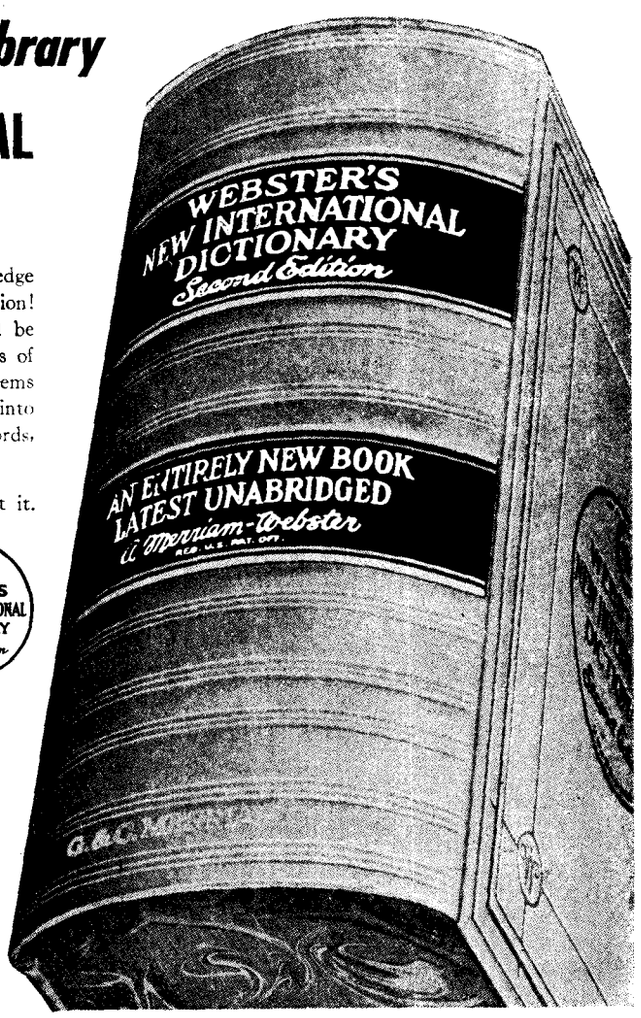

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